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IF.

BY H. R. ENGLE.

If Love were all its first young beauty seems,
Realization of youth's roseate dreams,
Its vestment white and fair,
Unsullied by the touch of earthly care;
Its heart unreached of sorrow, wrong and time,
Oh! grandly sweet would peal its constant chime,
From sea and shore,
For evermore!

If friendship were the holy truth it seems,
Not mocking reflex of the poet's dreams;
Not adulation false, and weak, and vain,
That only seeks the world's cold heart to gain,
How sweet, ennobled would all purpose be,
With boundless heart-aims for futurity!
Then human songs of praise
Would echo through the days.

If wealth were made the blessing that it seems,
Not fleet illusion, that with moving gleams,
Enthralls the unwise heart,
It could, with wisdom's love and duty's art,
Be sceptered with the highest bliss of power
And yield the harvest of a heavenly dower
In votive, loving deeds
Unto all human needs.

If earth were perfect, then no longing soul
Would seek the far, remote, and heavenly goal;
Then aspiration blest
Would with all imperfection be at rest,
And all ideals fair
Be exiled with the spirit's yearning prayer
For better world's above
And purer, holier love.

'Tis best that disenchantment waits on dreams,
That earthly heart-hope is not what it seems
For God alone is truth,
And in His realm we shall renew the youth,
That here was saddened by the sorrows sent,
Of His omnipotent divine intent.
If life below were all
We would not hear His call.

THE NEMESIS OF LOVE.

By Clementine Montagu.

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," "JASPER ONSLOW'S WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A DUKE'S FANCY.

> Who'er she be,
> That not impossible she
> That shall command my heart and me.
> —*Richard Crashaw.*

"So you say some one has come to live in that grim old house, Lionel?"

"Yes, Phemie."

"I don't think it will look so picturesque when it is inhabited. Who has taken it?"

"Well, a Mrs. Barbara Hepburn, whether maid, wife, or widow no one seems quite to know. I should fancy the last by her taking such a place as that to live in. Mr. Burgoyne is having it put in repair for her."

"Mr. Who."

"Burgoyne—Bracy Burgoyne."

"Is *he* the owner of Ferndale Hollow?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"Hardly," and the speaker curled her lip, as if in contempt. "I have seen him. He came two or three times to Lady Royston's house last season on business. That is all I know of him."

"You turned quite pale, or I fancied so, when I mentioned his name."

"It must have been fancy, Lal. What could this Mr.—a—oh yes, Burgoyne, possibly be to me?"

And the young Lady Euphemia Breakspeare fanned herself languidly, and looked out of the window of her splendidly furnished boudoir towards the house they had been speaking of, which was a very pretty object in the landscape from the windows of Castletowers.

The two young people who sat there together on this sunny summer afternoon were brother and sister, orphans, free and unfettered both of them, and almost the richest of the "eligible" people of the upper ten. They were the eldest and youngest of a numerous family; whose mother had died when Lady Euphemia was born, and the remaining branches of which had dropped off at various times, till there were only these two left.

They had only recently lost their father, and had not yet returned to the gaieties and follies of London fashionable life.

Lionel, Duke of Castletowers, was thirty years of age and unmarried still, and to the despair of manœuvring mothers and ambitious daughters, he displayed no inclination to commit himself to the joys and cares of matrimony.

He had had a terrible shock when he was young, and it was commonly supposed he had not got over it. A marriage had been arranged for him by his father with the daughter of the lady whom his sister had just mentioned, Lady Royston; but a dreadful catastrophe prevented their union. The bride-elect was burnt to death from her dress catching fire only a few days before the one fixed for the ceremony. The world was mistaken when it fancied that any memory of poor Laura Royston kept Lionel Breakspeare a bachelor. There had been no ardent love between the young people. The matter had been settled for them by their parents, and they were prepared to do their duty to one another and the world in a very proper and orthodox way.

Lord Lionel had been very much shocked and grieved; but there was a sense of freedom after all when the first horror was over, and he declined to contemplate marriage any more.

He had never seen any woman who touched his heart in the slightest degree until—— But the idea of that was so absurd that he even laughed at himself when he thought of it.

Lady Euphemia was nineteen, and not exactly a beauty, but piquant and charming. She was *petite*, and very beautiful in figure, with long, rippling brown hair that covered her like a veil when she let it down, and large, expressive gray eyes that took light and shade with the various phases of her temper and mood to a wonderful extent. People looked at her and pronounced her eyes light at one time, and they were fain to declare them dark when they looked again and saw the charming face lit up by any excitement.

She would be independent of her brother when she was twenty-one, the Lady Euphemia Clanmorris, her mother's sister, having left her her fortune as well as her name. In the meantime she had a very handsome allowance, sufficient to enable her to live like a young princess, and to do as she chose in all things. She was inclined to be wilful, but, on the whole, she had not given her chaperone much trouble since she came out.

Lady Royston was always delighted to have her. She never associated with the wrong people, or danced with ineligible younger sons at balls, or encouraged detrimentals, or did any of the things wherewith young ladies delight to make bitter the lives of their chaperones.

There was only one thing she did not do in her first season—she would not make a suitable match. She sent away the best *partis* of the season to be snapped up by designing girls without a penny, and she only laughed and said she didn't want to marry, when Lady Royston talked seriously to her about that whole duty of woman.

But an indefinable change had come over her just before her father's death. She was graver, quieter than before, and more indifferent than ever to the attentions of the opposite sex.

Her brother rallied her on this on the very day when she had remarked about Ferndale Hollow being let.

"Upon my word, Phemie, I think you must be in love!" he remarked.

"Why?"

"Because you are so altered. You are not like yourself a bit."

"Don't talk nonsense, Lal. Who is there for me to be in love with? You know all the men who have ever done me the honor to aspire to my hand."

"Yes; and a noble army of martyrs they are. I don't suppose any girl ever had so many offers in the same time."

"It wasn't me—it was aunt Phemie's money they offered themselves to. Love! Nonsense! What put such a thing into your head?"

"Well, my powers of observation generally. I am only trying to guess the object."

"There's no object. Lady Royston received no one but people you know."

"I don't suppose Lady Royston has much to do with it. There, I don't want to tease you, small child, only don't fall in love with the wrong man, that's all."

"I'm not a child, and I'm not small," said his sister, with a pout; "that is, not so very small. Don't insult me, Lal, and as to being in love, you're more like a person in love than I am. You're melancholy and absent as *Hamlet* was."

"Oh, *Hamlet* was only shamming, and he overdid it!" retorted her brother, with a laugh. "I wasn't aware that I showed any particular signs. What if I tell you a secret, Phemie!"

"Oh, you are in love, and you are going to tell me who it is! I hope it isn't Isabel Carruthers, because I don't like her. It wouldn't be nice to have a red-haired woman mistress at Castletowers."

"My dear child, her hair is golden."

"Is it?"

"Certainly; and she is going to bestow it and her large self on Mr. Snaffle."

"What the racing man!"

"Yes."

"How dreadful!"

"For him, yes, I should think so! You may set your heart at rest, Phemie; I'm not going to marry Miss Carruthers."

"Who then?"

"No one that I know. And yet——"

"Yet what, Lal?"

"I'm in love, Phemie—as hopelessly and unutterably in love as ever was boy in his first passion. It is the first passion of my life; I never knew what love meant before. It will be my last. I shall never know it again."

"Lal!"

"Ah, you may well stare, little sister. You think your wise brother is going mad. Perhaps I am. I think there must be some witchcraft in it—the 'evil eye,' perhaps! Who knows! It was in Italy that it happened."

"What happened?"

Lady Euphemia looked at her brother. Half-frightened, she began to think there might be some truth in his words, and that he was a little mad.

She had heard nothing of anything having happened to him in Italy, where he had been till his father's illness made it necessary to recall him; and he had been home now nearly six months.

"I met my fate there."

"And who is she?"

"I do not know."

"Not know!"

"No."

"Where did you see her? What is her name?"

Lionel Breakspeare looked at his sister with a strangely, drawn expression on his face.

"I saw her singing ballads in the streets of Rome, and her name is Hilda Sforza," he replied, quietly, looking, as Lady Euphemia declared, "like death" as he spoke the words.

"I do not understand," she said, in bewilderment. "In the street singing! What do you mean, Lionel?"

"Just what I say, Phemie. The woman I love so madly is a street singer, a beggar, a thief, for aught I know—great heaven, that I should live to say it!—and I, Lionel, Duke of Castletowers, master of half Staffordshire, and with more money than I know what to do with would give half my fortune to find her and make her my wife."

"Oh, Lal, dear Lal, you must be mad or ill!" said Lady Euphemia, in terror. "A beggar woman! You would not make such a one mistress of Castletowers? Tell me all about it, dear. There must be witchcraft in it."

She had a woman's instinct that, the story once told, it would prey upon his mind less, and might, perhaps, be forgotten. But she was terribly frightened at his wild tone in speaking of it."

"There isn't much to tell dear. I was going along the street with two or three other fellows, and we came suddenly upon a crowd round a girl singing. The wonderful quality of her voice made us push our way in to see what the singer was like, and we stood perfectly transfixed by her marvellous beauty. I cannot decribe it to you, Phemie. It seemed to me that I saw nothing but her eyes—deep, lustrous dark eyes, that looked right into my heart, and stole the soul out of my body. She had golden hair that sparkled in the sunlight, and a voice that I never heard equalled anywhere. It seemed to me that she looked at me and no one else, and said, "Follow me. From this hour your fate is mine, and mine yours!'"

"Go on, dear," said Phemie gently.

"While she sang—while the glorious voice was pouring out such floods of melody as seemed to make the very clouds about our heads pause in their hurried career to listen to that wonderful song—she suddenly paused and turned deathly pale. She stretched out her arms to me, straight to where I stood, and cried out, in an agonized tone—

"'Help me!'

"Then she fell forward insensible on her face in the dust, dying, as I thought. I pushed forward, and took her up in my arms, feeling I scarce know how, and carried her into the hotel where I was staying which was close by. I sent for doctors and restoratives, and they said she was starving—dying for want of food. In an hour or two she revived, and told me a sad story. She said she had never sung in the street before, but that her father and mother were both dead, and she was penniless. Her name was Hilda Sforza. Her mother was an Englishwoman, but her father was an Italian. I sat by her an hour, Phemie, feeling like a man under a spell; and it is a spell, for it has never been broken since. Till I find her again I shall know no rest. If I cannot have her for my wife, Castletowers will have no mistress."

"But where is she, Lal? Why do you talk of her being lost?"

"She *is* lost to me. I went out in the morning of that day, leaving her in charge of the landlady of the hotel. I was going to provide for her—find her a home, poor child—and when I got back she had disappeared, no one knew when or how. And from that hour I have never been able to find any trace of her."

"And I devoutly hope you won't," was Lady Euphemia's inward comment upon what her brother had said. "I hope Lal isn't going mad, but it looks very like it."

CHAPTER II.

> A violet by a mossy stone,
> Half-hidden from the eye;
> Fair as a star, when only one
> Is shining in the sky.
> —*Wadsworth.*

Lady Euphemia thought long and seriously over what her brother had told her. That the Duke of Castletowers was not a man to be turned from his purpose she knew very well. He had a dogged, resolute will, which had shown itself on more than one occasion, and which would not be crossed—a will, she felt assured, that would make him take this mysterious vagabond love of his and set her on high as mistress of his dearly-loved home, could he ever find her.

"I can only pray heaven he never may!" she soliloquized, as she watched the smoke curling up from the chimneys of Ferndale Hollow, and speculated a little on what Mrs. Barbara Hepburn might be like.

"I hope she's nice," she thought to herself; "nice enough for me to know. There's no one within miles of us except the rector's family, and I can't stand those girls, with their boarding-school airs and their would-be fine-ladyisms. I'll go and see Mrs. Hepburn, and find out what she is for myself."

She was not a young lady of any hesitation—to will was to do in most instances with her—and she called out to her brother, who was at the other end of the room—

"Lal?"

"Well, dear."

"I'm going to call on Mrs. Hepburn."

"On who?"

"Mrs. Hepburn, the lady at Ferndale Hollow. Didn't you say that was her name?"

"My dear girl, you don't know her."

"And I never shall if I wait for her to call on me. She won't dare without an introduction: your dukedom and my fortune, and the immense difference between Castletowers and that little bird's nest of a place, will effectually prevent my knowing her, unless I take the initiative and go to her first. I needn't do more if she isn't nice."

"Well, I suppose a duke's daughter may do anything she likes," said Lionel, laughing; "but don't be disappointed if you find her very different to what you expect."

"She must be in some sort of a position or she couldn't rent that house, and she can't be a vulgar, ostentatious person, or she would not choose that lonely, sequestered place to live in," persisted Lady Euphemia.

And her brother laughed, and bade her go if she liked, and bring him back word what the mysterious tenant of the Hollow was like.

Some days had elapsed since he had spoken to his sister of the strange passion for the mysterious singer, and the subject had not been revived between them again.

But for this one passionate outbreak she had never seen any trace of love or disquiet of any sort about him, and though she would have liked to hear more about it, how he was searching for the girl, and where, there was something in his manner that seemed to forbid any approach to the subject.

He was searching diligently. Advertisements for Hilda Sforza had been incessant in the continental papers, and had appeared occasionally in the English ones; a firm of lawyers in Rome were the advertising parties, and they were being largely paid to carry on a private search as well; but hitherto it had been of no avail.

From the hour in which she disappeared from the hotel where Lionel Breakspeare had left her, she might have sunk into the earth for any trace he could find of her.

The people of the house could tell nothing. They professed the deepest regret for the girl's absence; they had left the signora asleep as it seemed, they declared, and had never thought of her moving until the signer returned, and then she was gone.

They could tell no more, and it was evident they were speaking the truth, and Lionel could say nothing. The girl was perfectly free to go if she chose, and she had gone; but he could not get rid of the impression that he should find her some day, and many months of unsuccessful search had not cured him either of his fancy or his determination.

Lady Euphemia ordered out her ponies and her little groom, and drove off to pay a visit to Ferndale Hollow.

She knew the house well. It had stood empty a long time, and was one of the curiosities of the neighborhood. For picturesque beauty outside it could hardly be surpassed. It was very old, and covered almost to its chimney-tops with ivy, the growth of many generations.

It bore a date over the front porch, A. D. 1518, and its style and arrangement inside told of its having been built in troublous times, when hiding-places and skillfully-contrived doors were the necessary adjuncts to an Englishman's homestead.

It was older than Castletowers, which had been built in the reign of James I. for the first duke, who was a creation of that reign.

Parties coming to the neighborhood were fond of looking at the old house, which its proprietor, Bracy Burgoyne, permitted, provided no damage was done to the building or its quaintly arranged garden.

He was a bachelor himself, not rich with the Breakspeare notions of wealth, but possessing about eight or nine hundred a year, with a prospect of succeeding to as many thousands when his only living relative, an old maiden aunt, should die

She was crotchety and peculiar, and it was hard to obey her in all things; but she loved her nephew, and he loved her and he would have striven to please her even if there had been no money to come to him at her death.

Ferndale Hollow had belonged to her. Her father had purchased it of the descendants of the original owners, but she did not like the place, and many years before she had made it over to her nephew by a deed of gift, to do what he liked with.

She never went there, and very rarely came to England, residing for the most part at Nice or Mentone.

Lady Euphemia had explored the old house more than once. It was mostly empty, for, if tenants came to it, they rarely stayed many months in it. It was too dull, too far away from the rest of the world, to which they took flight back again after a very short trial.

"And I don't suppose this one will stay any longer than the rest," she thought, as she stopped at the gate. "She will get tired, like all the rest of them. It will be a pity, too, for I never saw the old place look so pretty."

It was as if fairies had been at work to transform the place. Banks of bright-colored flowers had taken the place of the heaps of dead rubbish which had accumulated on the lawn; and the turf had been cut and rolled, and brought almost to the consistency of velvet, by judicious application of the gardener's art.

The house itself had been put into thorough repair, and yet no profane hand had interfered in any way with its style, or put an incongruous touch to the general arrangements. The old-fashioned latticed windows sparkled like fire in the sunlight, and were bright inside with curtains of gay brocade and pretty lace.

The passer-by half expected to see some sixteenth century matron or blushing girl in coiff and stomacher look out of the windows. Such a vision would have excited no surprise, and been quite in keeping with the general character of the establishment.

The door was wide open as Lady Euphemia Breakspeare stepped from her carriage and walked up to the porch. The little groom had already knocked, and she stood rather irresolutely, wondering whom she should encounter. And her appeal was answered by a tall, elderly woman in a well made dress of some dark purple stuff and a neat white cap.

"Not Mrs. Hepburn," the lady thought to herself, for she could see through the open door that the drawing-room was tastefully furnished, and that books and music, and other feminine belongings, lay scattered about.

Of course this person was the housekeeper or servant of the lady of the house, and a very respectable and responsible servant she looked.

"Is Mrs. Hepburn at home?" the young lady asked.

"I am Mrs. Hepburn," was the quiet reply.

"You!"

"Yes, madam."

And the speaker waited in grim silence to hear what the young lady's business might be.

"I—I think—that is, there must be some mistake," faltered Lady Euphemia. "My brother, the Duke of Castletowers, told me that a Mrs. Hepburn had taken this house—he has mistaken the name I see—and I drove over, thinking, as there are so few people in the neighborhood, that she might be glad to see some one. I beg your pardon, I am sure, for making such an awkward blunder. Will you tell me the lady's name, please, and say that Lady Euphemia Breakspeare has done herself the pleasure of calling on her?"

The woman smiled rather spitefully, as it seemed to her visitor, and answered, shortly—

"There is no mistake, madam, as far as the name is concerned. I am Mr. Burgoyne's tenant, and my name is Hepburn—Barbara Hepburn, at your service."

"I—I beg your pardon, I am sure," began Lady Euphemia, in some confusion, wondering whether this grim, austere-looking woman played the piano and the guitar, and sang such songs as "Once Again," and "Looking Back," both which sentimental ballads lay within sight on a table.

"No offence, madam," Mrs. Hepburn said. "Your mistake was not an unnatural one. You expected to find a lady, whereas I have been a servant, and I have, no doubt retained the manners of one."

She turned as she spoke, and lifting her voice a little, called—

"Mr. Burgoyne!"

"Oh, pray do not!" began Lady Euphemia, "I had no idea that Mr. Burgoyne was here. Let me assure you that I had no intention of intruding, and allow me to wish you good morning."

"Not without coming in, I beg," said a voice which sent the blood back to her heart in a great throb, and made the pretty hall with its flowers and bright colors reel and swim before her eyes.

"Mrs. Hepburn will permit me so much privilege, I am sure. Will you not walk in?"

He turned to his tenant, who bent her head in acquiescence, and he led the visitor into the pretty drawing-room.

"Sit down for a little and rest," he said, pushing her a chair; "you look pale and tired."

He had seen enough of her at his aunt's house to warrant this much of familiarity, and she, also, had seen too much of him for her own peace of mind. He had shown her no particular attentions, nor striven in any way to win her. Yet, with the perversity of her sex, she had given him her whole heart, and loved him with a love that was all the fiercer that he was ignorant of it.

Earth held nothing for her so dear as the handsome, gentle-eyed man who stood by her side now, and wondered in all unconsciousness what made her look so pale and tremble so.

"I am so sorry, Mr. Burgoyne," she said. "I have made a muddle of my visit. I came so hoping to find a nice lady here, and——"

"And you are disappointed at finding Barbara Hepburn, an unmistakable servant. I am sorry, for your sake."

"And is she really your tenant—the mistress of this house?"

"Really!"

"And she pays the rent of it? Oh, I beg your pardon, I should not ask such questions."

"Ask what you please, Lady Euphemia. Such is the case. I believe her to be a responsible woman, or I should not have let her the house. It is quite by accident I am here; it is merely a flying visit to see that all the repairs are properly done. Can I do anything in Paris for you? I start for France to-morrow, *en route* for Nice."

Whatever answer Lady Euphemia might have been going to make was frozen upon her lips by an unexpected apparition.

She heard a door open close to where she sat, a heavy curtain which veiled it was pushed aside, and the loveliest woman she had ever beheld walked into the room.

It seemed like a dream, a radiant vision, daintily attired in white, with blue ribbons here and there. The face was not fair, with the pink and white loveliness which they call a fair complexion in England. There was a darker tinge upon the skin than is common with Saxon beauties, and the tint on the cheeks was warm with a southern loveliness. The eyes and eyebrows were dark, but the hair was the most wonderful golden hair Lady Euphemia had ever seen. She was so astonished at the appearance of this graceful, elegant creature, that she could not find a word to utter, but rose hastily in unconcealed confusion.

A slight frown passed over the beautiful face, and Bracy Burgoyne quietly took the hand of the new comer.

"Lady Euphemia Breakspeare, my cousin, Mrs. Longmore," he said, without the slightest trace of confusion or awkwardness.

CHAPTER III.

A LEGEND WITH A MORAL.

> It were all one
> That I should love a bright particular star,
> And think to wed it.—*Shakespeare.*

Lady Euphemia Breakspeare stayed but a very few minutes at Ferndale Hollow after the apparition of the mysterious woman with the yellow hair.

"Mrs. Longmore is residing with Mrs. Hepburn for the present," Bracy Burgoyne said.

And that was all the explanation he vouchsafed.

"Is she a widow?" his guest asked.

"Oh dear no; but her husband is much abroad, and he likes and respects Mrs. Hepburn, so he has consigned his wife to her care."

Lady Euphemia suggested that she should like to see more of Mrs. Longmore. Would she not come to Castletowers?

Mr. Burgoyne answered, somewhat shortly, that it was quite impossible, and the young lady took her leave with a dull pain at her heart, little guessed by the village people, who came out and bowed and curtseyed to her as she went by, and envied the lady, her equipage and her toilette, and thought how fine it must be to be an heiress and a lady, and have nothing to do but dress and drive out and be waited on.

"Oh, if he would love me a little bit!" she thought. "If he could only guess how much I love him—how much I would give up for his sake! I would lay down title, wealth, everything I possess, to be Bracy Burgoyne's wife, and he has no thought for me."

She looked up at stately Castletowers, as she drove up the avenue, with a feeling akin to loathing. Had she been a poor girl, she thought, one without anything more than an ordinary portion, she would have been Bracy Burgoyne's equal, and he might have loved her. Now there was a gulf between them as wide and as deep as her brother's dukedom and her own fortune—a gulf which even love could not bridge over.

She sighed as she drew up at the door; but her brother met her, noticed her pale face, and drew her into the hall, remarking that she had been overdoing herself with her ride.

"Nonsense!" she replied. "I've only been thinking, that's all!"

She told him the story of the mysterious tenant of Ferndale, but with a coloring of her own that gave her brother a curious impression of the unknown Mrs. Longmore.

"A madwoman!" he said, laughing. "And this Mrs. Hepburn is her keeper, I suppose?"

And, indeed, such was the idea which had got into her head, not from anything Bracy Burgoyne had actually said in so many words, but from the general appearance of things. Mrs. Hepburn looked just the sort of woman to be keeper to a lunatic, she thought, and the curt way in which everything had been told her fostered the strange notion which she had got hold of.

"I must go and have a look at this beautiful captive," the duke said. "You have raised my curiosity immensely, Phemie. Dark eyes and complexion and feathery golden hair, did you say? Ah, I should like to see that combination again. I never saw it but once—on her, my beautiful Hilda"

"If your beggarwoman was anything like Mrs. Longmore, she was perfectly lovely," Lady Euphemia said, "but there is something unearthly in her beauty, like a fallen angel, as if fire were glowing in her somewhere and shone through. It was her madness, poor thing, but it was frightful, though it was so lovely. I shouldn't like even to be in her power!"

"Keep away from Ferndale, then, my dear. I am sorry Burgoyne has let his house for such a purpose. The vicinity of any one requiring restraint is never pleasant."

"Requiring restraint." He spoke truly when he made such a speech about Bracy Burgoyne's tenant. If ever any woman on earth required restraint, it was Mrs. Longmore, but she was not mad. There was not the slightest trace of insanity about her. She was as farseeing and acute as any woman in the world, and could put on the semblance of anything—love, simplicity, honor, truth—while underneath the surface there was nothing—nothing but heartless vanity, inordinate ambition and selfishness. In all the wide earth there lived not one human being who knew her thoroughly—not even the husband who idolized her, and thought that the world held nothing like her witching beauty. Perhaps the only one who saw her as she really was, and who knew how little of love or gratitude lay under the beautiful surface, was Barbara Hepburn, and she had often sighed while she had been preparing the retreat for the beautiful, heartless creature with whom she was to share it.

"Mrs. Hepburn—Barbara, I say!" called the soft, musical voice which was one of

Mrs. Longmore's greatest charms, as soon as Lady Euphemia's carriage had driven away. "Come here!"

Mrs. Hepburn went to a little boudoir behind the drawing room, feeling and looking very much annoyed.

"Whatever made you come out?" she said. "How could you think of running such a risk?"

"I run no risk!" was the petulant answer.

"But he does—your husband, Mrs. Longmore. Have you no thought, no consideration for him?"

"Of course I have—every consideration; but I am tired of being treated like a child and shut up here like a nun. I didn't do any harm. Mr. Burgoyne didn't tell the young lady anything. Who is she?"

"Mr. Burgoyne! No, he would no betray you. The young lady is the Lady Euphemia Breakspeare."

"Where does she come from?"

"Castletowers."

"There?"

She pointed to where the stately turrets and roofs of Castletowers overtopped the woods, and stood out gray against the summer sky.

"Yes."

"Is she the mistress of that house?"

"Well, yes, till her brother marries."

"And he is——"

"Duke of Castletowers."

"A duke!"

"Just so."

"And young, and rich, and handsome!"

"All these. Do you want to know any more?"

"No."

Mrs. Longmore sighed, and twirled the wedding ring upon her finger with a petulant twitch.

"I should like to be a duchess," she said, "with money at my command, and troops of servants to do my bidding. I should like to queen it at Castletowers—its mistress. I should do it bravely."

"Mrs. Longmore! Are you mad?"

"No. I would give half my life to be a duchess. Such a position would make the other half so brilliant that I could well spare a few years to gain such a boon."

"If you are not mad, you are a very wicked woman," said Barbara Hepburn, sternly. "What if I were to tell your husband—the man who has raised you from poverty and obscurity, and blessed you with the greatest boon on earth, a good man's love—of your evil words and wishes? It would break his heart!"

"Then don't tell him," was the flippant answer; "or, if you do, he won't believe you. I have only to make him look into my eyes, and he would call you a liar and believe in me. He loves me, and love and faith are one to him."

"And nothing to you?"

"Nonsense! I love my husband, and I am very grateful to him; but I can't go into solemn rhapsodies like you, Barbara Hepburn. There's no harm in my saying I should like to be a duchess—most women would. Because I am only a gentleman's wife, who can only afford to give me a home like this. Is there any sin in saying I should like to have yonder stately mansion?"

"And its master, maybe!"

"Now, who is it that has evil thoughts? I said nothing about the master. I never saw the Duke of Castletowers in my life, and don't want to. If I ever do, I shall not forget that I am a wife."

"Mischief has come to this house from Castletowers before now," said Barbara Hepburn, gravely, half to herself, "and may again. I wish he had chosen any place but this—any guardian but me for such a charge."

"I don't. I like the place, and I don't mind you much when you are good-tempered. At this present moment I hate you with a bitter hatred," said the girl, for indeed she was no more in years and appearance. "But what are you mumbling about this house and Castletowers? What was the wrong? Who wrought it?"

"She did."

Barbara Hepburn pointed to a picture which hung over the mantelpiece—the head of a fair girl, with flowing brown hair and melting eyes, such as Lely loved to paint. It was a masterpiece of art, and the coloring was as fresh and soft as though it had only just left the painter's hand.

"Who was she?" asked Mrs. Longmore.

"She was the wife of the owner of this house—a secret wife, for there were family feuds raging, and the Fernleighs, of Ferndale Hollow, were people of mark. She was here, as you are, in secret, but surrounded with every luxury that love and care could furnish, and she was, like you, ambitious of higher rank and greater station than Eustace Fernleigh could give her. In an evil hour the then Duke of Castletowers, a dissolute, profligate nobleman, unmarried, and with winning manners, met this girl—for she looked one—in the woods about here, and wooed her with his wily tongue. Instead of boldly saying she was a wife, she listened and kept her secret. Eustace Fernleigh was away serving his king and country, with all a soldier's faith in his wife's honor, and and in less than a month his place in his wife's heart was lost, and she had promised to be Duchess of Castletowers. They went abroad and were married, and amid great rejoicings, the young bride was brought home to her husband's roof."

"But what became of the husband—Eustace Fernleigh?" asked Mrs. Longmore, eagerly.

"Ah, he doesn't enter into the story at all," was the grim reply. "He was only a husband—a thing to be brushed out of the path of an ambitious woman like a fly off a window pane."

"But did he never return—never claim his wife?"

"Nobody ever claimed the Duchess of Castletowers but the man she had openly married. Eustace Fernleigh was never seen alive again."

"Not dead?"

"There was a skeleton found in a vault under this old house, which the servants here said was their master. It was his ring on its fleshless fingers, and rags of his clothing lay about it. Her grace the duchess, maybe, knew how it had come there."

"She had rid herself of him that she might be a duchess?"

"So the story goes, as he rid himself of her in time. She died suddenly of poison, it was said, and made way for an infamous courtesan such as the followers of Charles the Second loved to exalt into places of honor. That is the story of Christabel, Duchess of Castletowers, Mrs. Longmore. It may bear a moral, who knows?"

"It won't bear one for me. Christabel, Duchess of Castletowers, was a brave woman."

"A wicked one."

"Because she dared everything for the sake of her ambition. I should like to see that vault, Mrs. Hepburn, where the husband was found. Is it closed up?"

"No."

"Then take me there."

"I can't. Mr. Burgoyne keeps the keys of it. He has some sort of superstition about it, I believe."

"I'll ask him to show it to me the next time he comes here. He won't refuse me, I think."

"I daresay not—men don't refuse you much. He can show you the ring, too, that was on the dead man's hand. It was found in a cupboard in the house, with its history written on the parchment it was wrapped in."

Mrs. Hepburn had told her story with a purpose, and she went away leaving her charge dreamily gazing at the picture of the woman who had wrought so much misery.

"She dared everything to be a duchess," she thought to herself, as she looked at it. "How did she feel when she reigned yonder, I wonder? Was she able to forget what lay festering here under where I sit, and to rejoice in her riches and the homage paid her? I think she might be. I think the woman who could do such a thing could put away the memory of it. I think I could. Bah! what nonsense I am imagining! I shall never be tested in such a way. I am a simple yeoman's wife, as he told me once, and unless he wins his spurs by some doughty deed of the commonplace heroism of these degenerate days, I must be content to remain so all my life long."

The day wore away to evening, and she went out. Mrs. Hepburn begged her not to go far, but she shugged her shoulders, and took no heed.

With her hat in her hand, and her magnificent hair falling about her shoulders, she sat down under a tree in the woods not far from the house at Castletowers. She was, without knowing it, trespassing in the private grounds; but no one came near her, and she sat on, watching the shadows lengthening on the grass, and listening to the notes of the birds over her head.

Suddenly a footstep sounded on the grass beside her, and she looked up. A tall, elegant young man, whose face was familiar to her, was approaching her, and she started up.

"Hilda—Hilda Sforza!" he cried, with a joy which seemed almost to choke his utterance.

And before she had time to speak the Duke Castletowers had caught her in his arms, and, straining her to his heart, kissed her passionately.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

A PICTURE.

Two little souls, a boy and a girl,
Wandering on to the foot of the hill,
Bushes of green and blossoms of pearl
Laugh at themselves in the roadside rill.
Crossing the lane a gorgeous jay,
Bathed in the light of a flattering ray,
Jauntily chatters, "Some day, some day!"

Two sweet souls, a man and a maid,
(Beechen branches twisted above),
Picking the daisies which sprinkle a glade,
And trying their luck at a game of love.
"This year!" next year!" What do they say?
And out of the beeches the curious jay
Peeps and chuckles, "Some day, some day!"

Two old souls, at the end of the day,
Follow them home to the foot of the hill;
One late gleam which has wandered astray
Breaks from a copse and dimples the rill.
Autumn leaves are strewing the way,
And hoarse from the larch the hungry jay
Shouts out to the night, "Some day, some day!"

Two poor souls in the dead of night,
Side by side lie stiffened and still;
And the Winter's moon just softens her light
As it solemnly rests at the foot of the hill.
Remembering the lises and the buds and the May,
The Summer gold, and the Autumn gray,
And the warm green lane where the beetles play,
In the crisp, cold night the shivering jay
Croaks out of his dream, "Some day, some day!"

FAY ALLEYNE;

OR,

THE WIFE'S ORDEAL.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JENNIE OF 'THE PRINCE'S.'"

IV.—Dawning.

Hortense with a quiet sisterly sympathy has listened again and again to all my thoughts and wishes, to all the long delicious histories of past happiness, to all the doubts that harass me now. She is "romantic;" it pleases her to hear every minute detail of that wonderful life of an English "'*Ome*'" that is so mysteriously attractive to French girls. She advises, ponders, suggests, and we two dwell for hours, no whit tedious to either (but of which Madame Lebrun knows nothing), on what might be achieved by us together in the future. And at last to Hortense comes a brilliant inspiration. She has found out a way to set my mind at rest as to what troubles me most, for she has determined without implicating me to discover what is happening in my forsaken home. She resolves to write to Madame Grancour, to propose to that lady a certain provincial pupil, and to inquire incidentally for *cette chere* Fay, of whom, for so long, she has been without any news.

"Proposing a pupil to her will disarm Madame Grancour, with all her cleverness," says Hortense, delighted by her own suggestion, to which I listen eagerly enough. "And Madame or one of her daughters is sure to reply at once, and tell us all the details of your poor little tragedy, my poorest, dearest friend."

Hortense confides her plans to *chere maman*, who, not very willingly agrees. She feels that I am compromising both her and her daughter by all this misery and deceit, and I begin to feel it more and more, and to hate myself for it. But perhaps this very letter may bring about some change—who can tell?

Days pass, but never a word arrives from Paris! At first I watched with trembling anxiety for the coming of that slow postman, but when a whole week has gone by newsless, I resign myself and take it all as part of a new and deserved burden. Then—when hope was over—the letter did come; but not to Hortense. We two seated at the breakfast table see in Madame Lebrun's face that she holds in her hand something of vital import to me. She denies the direct charge, and endeavors to escape with the precious epistle that Marianne has just handed to her. But we, Hortense and I, are morally stronger than she, and gain our point. She consents to read the letter, and to read it aloud, provided I will solemnly promise to listen "tranquilly," and in no way to agitate myself as I am already, "Helas! so wickedly doing." I promise, I vow and declare anything she may bid. I, not to tremble, not to be agitated when—at last—*at last*—I am to have some news of my husband—for whom my soul still longs, still prays, day and night, night and day! All my thoughts fly to, centre about him, and life without him has become the weariest, dreariest routine. And now, all unmoved, I am to get some news of him! However, by a strong effort I control myself, and Madame sees that I endeavor to do so, my hungry eyes alone tell her now of the starvation of my soul; and with the steady decision of a surgeon, who cuts to heal, she quietly unfolds and reads the letter, to which I listen, voiceless, motionless, lest by some movement I might check further revelation. Here is an almost literal translation of my stepmother's account of all that had happened in those awful past months, and I transcribe it:

DEAR MADAME LEBRUN,

"It was with a surprise mingled with pain that I beheld again the writing of our former dear young friend and pupil—Hortense. To the question about a vacancy, need I assure you, dear Madame, that I *will willingly make room for* any pupil suggested to me by your kind and thoughtful recommendation? My terms, owing to the excessive rise in all prices, have in this last year also been increased by one-eighth. This, I am persuaded, you will not find disproportionate. But my heart is moved, and I leave the affairs of the head to arrange themselves, while I allude to the painful portion of the letter of that dear Hortense. You doubtless remember the friendship between her and my stepdaughter Fay? Also, of that capricious child I have to tell you astonishing things. She had often and in many ways caused me anxiety, and I hoped I had finally done well for her, when I gave her and a most complete trousseau into the care of a young English gentleman, who was both amiable and of the best ascertained connections. To this Monsieur Alleyne the poor little Fay showed herself far more demonstratively attached than a French mother would permit in a young girl. On one occasion we conversed on the subject, and the child answered waywardly about her destiny, it was life to love and other such too romantic phrases. But, in spite of this too great sentimentality, the young people lived for three years in quite a paradise of conjugal felicity. Fay wrote letters of such happiness, that we really believed she had reached a secure haven in this world of storms. Then suddenly there appears on the scene of this charming young *menage* an adventurous lady whom Monsieur Alleyne had known in times past. This lady, Madame Balfour as she calls herself, has a generous husband and handsome children. Yet she cannot refrain from troubling the peace of our young couple. Monsieur Aileyne lends himself to her flattery, as is the nature of men. The adventurous Madame B. receives from him many attentions, many gallantries, many presents. The poor little wife at home in a fury of jealousy proportionate to her former love, is despairing. She it rendered ill, and no doubt her reason suffers through these uncontrolled passions. Then comes a sad climax. It so happens that Monsieur Balfour, the husband, and Madame Alleyne are both at this time absent from London. In that town a great ball is given in a public room for some charity. Again quite an English arrangement as you will perceive. To this ball Madame Balfour has exacted, as the last favor she will ever demand of him, the presence of Monsieur Alleyne. She feels the compromise to him and herself, and she says it is for the last time. After much hesitation he, who seems the weakest of men, consents for the love of peace. Also he believes by this deed he will purchase for himself the freedom from a slavery which has already become galling, for he, too, being a man of heart, has suffered in the sufferings of his young wife. But the price of his liberty from this adventuress is not well calculated. Fay hears of his doings and is driven to absolute folly. At the same time some thoughtful friend has forewarned Monsieur Balfour in Scotland of the intrigues of his wife. So it is arranged that at the entrance of the ball-room Monsieur Balfour stands, and he takes the arm of Madame rudely from the arm of her chosen cavalier. This gentleman now finds himself in a very uncomfortable position, and in over sense *de trop*. He remembers suddenly that he can at once go by a last train to Brighton, find his wife there, and reassure her. He goes, but alas!—it is too late. Imagine to yourself his horror, when after midnight he reaches his hotel, to find his wife gone without one word, written or verbal, without even her most necessary possessions. No one in the hotel knows anything of her departure or her destination. All he can ascertain from the sleepy servants he arouses is that at four o'clock Madame Alleyne received a telegram he had sent to her, and that soon after she went out, on foot, without a word. The poor man spends a night of much anguish! He knows not whom to ask, where to turn! He can do nothing but wait for the long-coming morning. He wanders to and fro and thinks of a thousand solutions for this strange conduct of his wife. He feels her jealousy has in some way caused her rash act, but he is very far from realizing the bitter truth, which comes upon him when he next day reaches his own establishment near London. She has been there, but has escaped again, and has left no explanation, no hint. She has evidently worn her ordinary clothes, and so he describes her to all the officers of the police. You will scarcely believe that all his attempts are vain, and that to this hour he has not found his wife nor any trace of her! I write all this to you, dear Madame Lebrun, fearing that the sad details are unfit for the ears of our dear Hortense, but I am sure you will communicate to her my thanks for the affection she has always shown to my unhappy daughter, and tell her such facts of this sad history as you may deem appropriate to the mind of a young girl. The deepest mystery has surrounded the fate of that poor Fay. Her terrified servants, who saw her with her dead white face and found her vanished without sign, or trace, or sound, believe her spirited away. This we cannot think; for myself I do not doubt the unhappy child put herself in the river Thames! But poor Monsieur Charles will have it that she still lives. Again and again he has been to me here in Paris to pour out his troubles and demand counsel. What can I say to him! He finds no rest and no peace! Poor Fay carried away her jewels. This inspired Monsieur Charles with hope, and he had some reason in this, and has sought diligently to trace their disposal. But, is it not most probable that a wife so wretched would even in her trouble grudge to her rival the possession of her precious ornaments, and so would have destroyed them with herself? That seems to me very natural. For a long time Monsieur Alleyne believed firmly that I helped to conceal his wife, and did so as a just punishment for his outrageous conduct to her. He does not know us Frenchwomen. I should quickly have arranged this matter, had it been entrusted to me! Last week this poor Charles was again with me, telling me for the hundredth time every detail of her flight, his researches, protesting his love, his innocence of real evil, his remorse, his prayers, and wishes. I can scarce refrain from tears, he so touchingly speaks of his constant disappointments. These are most pitiable! He runs after every little lady he sees, just to look into her face and find it is not Fay. He has neglected his business, his home; his poor mother is breaking her heart. Madame Balfour cannot console him! Her husband at once carried her away to the Scotland she abhors. Such is the sad end, as far as we know, of my unfortunate stepdaughter's career. It is useless to ask you if by any chance you have heard from her, since Hortense herself inquires. You must not be surprised, though, if Monsieur Alleyne one day comes to you with his endless questions. He never rests, and he heard from me the affectionate inquiries in Hortense's letter. Pardon the length of this communication, you will understand the interest I had in the subject and my [illegible] outrun my paper, and I fear my discretion. It is the first time I have written down this story in all its unhappiness. Receive, dear Madame, for your daughter and yourself, the assurance of my highest consideration,

AMANDA GRANCOUR."

Can this really have been my history, to which, in deepest anxiety, I have listened. Is this how things have happened? Can that lone, unhappy wanderer, who looks questions into the eyes of little women, be my Charley—my husband? Was my rash act altogether wrong—absolutely mistaken? Was that fatal meeting really the last between those two? Has Charley been mourning for me for nearly six months? Surely I had only thought to free him from the fetters in which I once so lovingly held him. And so we have both suffered; both been punished. The words of kind Mr. Herbert come back to my mind, and fill me with a poignant remorse. With wanton fingers I tried to snap the holy cord that bound us, man and wife, before God! And now in my bosom I bear a growing life that belongs to my husband as much as to me. And I had thought to hide our child from him, and keep it as my one consolation in this self imposed exile. Of late I have been haunted by the bitterness that might fill the life of my fatherless child if the time should come when that poor child would ask me for its father! Alas! it was pride that has kept me silent, and had it not been for this letter, my hard heart might not have yielded even yet.

"And you say not one word, poor child?" asks Madame Lebrun at last, perplexed by my silence.

"Dearest Fay, speak to us!" cries Hortense. "Do not sit there as one who dreams. Do you understand what my mother has read to you? Your husband loves you, is true to you, seeks you! Can you not rejoice?" She comes to me as she speaks, and winds affectionate arms about me, sinking on to her knees, and trying to look up into the face I have hidden in my hands.

"My God has been too good to me!" I cry at last, and with the spoken words come showers of grateful, irrepressible tears. Meanwhile Madame Lebrun had gone from the room, but presently returns with the *fichu* closely tied over her grey curls.

"I stay for no further commands from any one now," she says, with her quiet smile. "I go at once to the Bureau Telegraphique, and send *depeches* to Madame Grancour, and to that poor dear Monsieur Charles, if little Madame will give me the address."

"I must come with you," I say quickly, in eager haste for the relief of instant action, which strong emotion always fills me with.

"Then for once, *petite mechante* that you are, you do not seek to dictate to your elders? And you agree that I am about to do what is right?"

"Ah! Madame, how I now wish I had listened to you before, and saved him from this cruel pain!"

"This is a lesson for your two young lives, my child, and you will neither of you fail to profit by it, for your hearts are good. You would not have my counsel, and you thought your experience greater, because my life had been monotonous and quiet. But I have years, and I hope some wisdom, yet not enough to have resisted you as I ought to have done. Poor little Fay, who has suffered so much!" With this my kind, patient friend folds me closely in her arms, and bids me "smile and hope!"

On the road to the telegraph office we have another discussion after all, for I desire to start home this very night. Madame Lebrun's expressed alarms about the risk to my health, the rough weather, the fatigue, are all unavailing. The wildest longing possesses me to return at once to the home I have robbed of all its peaceful content.

"But what folly!" cries Hortense, who is decidedly practical. "You wish to see your husband; he may at this moment be in Paris, or in Marseilles, or *en route* to Italy, or in this very town to pay us a visit, and you go off, knowing nothing. Do; my dear Fay, at least wait the reply to our *depeches*."

That sudden possibility of Charley's being in this very town takes possession of me. Oh, if it should be! How my heart beats. I yield at once. The messages are despatched, and we return home to await replies.

It is dusk. The grand logs are spluttering and hissing in the open fireplace. Snowflakes are blobbing lazily, softly against the small-panel window. Tea-cups—my English whim—are on the table, and the subtle fragrance of the cup that cheers pervades the room. Madame Lebrun, busy as usual, is crocheting bright fleecy wools into a comforting shawl by the flickering firelight. I am sitting lazily at her side, between her and the fire, my head resting against her knee. Hortense, with her shining eyes fixed on the dancing flames; and reflecting their changing splendors, is crooning softly some vague French ditty, that wanders gently among minors, and always comes back to the major refrain:

Ah! mais il faut t'aimer,
L'aimer, l'aimer, toujours."

There has been as yet no reply to any of our messages, and we have listened, and commented unceasingly. Suddenly there breaks through the silence without, the shrill tinkle of the bell at the gate.

"The answer from Paris!" cries Hortense, and runs swiftly to the door, then out, and closes it sharply behind her.

I sit still, my whole attention concentrated in sudden, eager listening. There is a hurried colloquy outside. Then Hortense comes in again, breathless, and whispers, "My mother, come out at once, some one desires to speak with you."

"Oh, my God, have mercy upon me!" I *think* the prayer fervently, though I only utter, "I know Hortense, do not fear for me, joy does not kill; my husband is here."

Madame Lebrun at once asks, "Has he had our message? Does he know?"

"Nothing. He has only come to see us. He is so grave, so sad."

"Then we must prepare him a little. It would be too sudden, Fay, you can and must be firm and quiet. Remain hidden thus. I will throw this shawl over you. I forbid you to move until I tell you, for the love of *him*. Hortense, be composed thou also, my child. Now bid Monsieur enter."

And into that dim little room that has been my kind shelter for so long, comes—my husband. The dear voice so composed, so sad, I hear it again, and its strong, measured tones smite on my heart as well as on my ears!

After the first greeting between them is over.

"Spare yourself the pain of alluding to your sad search, Monsieur," said Madame Lebrun, "we know all."

"From Madame Grancour?" asks Charley, quietly. "[illegible] before we had heard of all this trouble from one more interested——"

"Some former school-friend of your daughter's and—and—my wife's, I suppose?"

"From an English lady, Monsieur, who has seen your wife."

"Since—since——" he cannot utter another word, but I hear him start from his chair.

"Yes, since she so rashly fled from her home, poor child."

"Great heavens, Madame! Do you know that I have heard nothing—not one word of this." There is energy enough in his tone now. The sudden tremble in his voice seems to vibrate and bring agitation into the very air.

I hold my breath, and feel Madame Lebrun's firm hand laid reassuringly upon my head.

"Yes, Monsieur. We are aware that Fay has wilfully hidden herself from you, not feeling sure—"

"Oh, spare me, Madame," cries Charley. "If only you knew all. My good angel has led me to your door; make me a happy man once more by telling me that my wife lives, is well, can forgive me!"

"Of all this I can safely assure you in her name."

"Then you yourself have seen her—*my Fay!*"

I seem to feel his very breath, he is so near me now.

"Indeed, yes, since from her own lips I have heard her story."

"And she is——"

"Here," says Madame Lebrun, rising, and half lifting me.

Little need for her help now. In another instant I am clasped in my husband's strong, close embrace.

* * *

The longest day has come round once again. It is morning. We are sitting out on the lawn at the back of our pretty Wimbledon home. The air comes sweetly across the common, and stirs the crimped frills of baby's muslin wraps, as he lies on my lap—our babe—the little, rosy, dimpled edition of that great handsome Charley who is standing beside us. He is looking down with a queer smile on his "two little ones," as he persists in calling us.

Up and down under the rose-hung walk, whence roses again hang as they did last year (and for how many previous summers), walks Hortense Lebrun. She looks radiant, and we know she is very happy, for Captain Hector the valiant is beside her, and we all know that she has consented to marry him—some day. Hortense has been staying with me for the last three months, and presently Madame Lebrun is coming over too, for the wedding.

"Fay," says Charley, laying his hand on my shoulder, "when you can spare a little time from that arbitrary youngster, I want you to do me a favor."

"It is granted before you ask, you know that," say I, looking up into his face.

"Then you promise?"

"Yes; I promise."

"Without reservation?"

"Certainly."

"Well, you alway keep your word, you inflexible little woman. So I know it is as good as done already."

"Is it something so very difficult, Charley?"

"Not difficult to you; but you will not like it."

"Charley, do speak. How can it be something you wish, and that I don't like?"

"Write down for me and for the boy's sake, all that has happened between these two wedding days of ours. Let our son know some day that the dawning of his young life brought into ours fresh promise of better, peaceful, happy years."

And that is how it has come to be written.

[THE END.]

THE GREAT GERMAN BATTLE-HYMN.—Theodore Kœrner was born at Dresden in the last decade of the last century. He was educated at Leipsic, and composed several plays and poems. When Germany rose against Napoleon in 1813, he fought under Lutzow. On the 25th of August Lutzow's chasseurs, in pursuit of the French, reached a little wood about nightfall. Here, seated by the bivouac fire, Kœrner composed his famous sword song. The unfortunate poet was, in the next morning's battle, smitten by a ball, and died without a word. The whole song of which we here give a prose analysis, is no short one, containing more than a dozen stanzas. Notwithstanding this, it is said to have been committed to memory on the night of its creation by the whole army, and to have inspired every soldier with ardor in the morning sortie. It is written in the form of a dialogue wherein the sword and its owner are the two interlocutors. The owner commences the conversation by asking his sword the reason of its clear glitter. The sword answers, not without courtesy, that it beams with delight at belonging to so brave an owner. The owner tells the sword that he looks on it in the light of an affianced bride. The sword, with feminine delicacy, wishes at once to know the wedding-day. The owner answers the day of battle. In the next stanza the sword is represented as clattering in its sheath with anger at the non-fulfillment of the promise of marriage. It is advised to bide for a little space in its narrow virgin bower. But the sword expresses its anxiety to enter the fair love-garden, full of blood-red roses and of the blown blossoms of death. The owner is at last overcome by the sword's importunity, and takes his iron bride into his paternal mansion. Each of the stanzas conclude with a "hurrah!" and with each 'hurrah!' comes a strident accompaniment of clanking and clashing swords whenever this song is sung in Germany.

COMPARATIVE DISTANCE.—In most places "a stone's throw," "five minutes' walk," etc., are used as measures for short distances. In Dubuque, however, they speak of a place as being "within the bawl of a mule."

NEWS OF INTEREST

—Pittsburg's, Pa., losses by the riots and fires aggregate $2,810,000.

—Rye was sown on December 17 by a Montgomery county, Penna., farmer.

—Seal-skin "Boston bags" are the newest convenience for ladies' shopping excursions.

—Victor Emanuel and Napoleon III died on the 9th of January precisely five years apart.

—It is reported that Queen Victoria has personally interceded with the Czar to spare Turkey.

—Princess Charlotte, of Prussia, will be [illegible] wedding.

—Extra endeavors have been made in Germany to overcome the growing demand for American machinery.

—Francis Key, the author of the "Star Spangled Banner," is represented on the stage at New Orleans by a grandson.

—Twenty years ago Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Adams, of Oswego, N. Y., were divorced. A few days ago they were re-married.

—In Maryland there are 1,956 schools, with 150,276 pupils and 2,900 teachers. The total expense last year was $1,544,545.

—Portland, Me., children seek relief from whooping-cough by inhaling gas at the city works. Numerous cures are reported.

—James A. Froude, in a recent historical article, told some wonderful tales of the miracles performed by the blood of Thomas a'Becket.

—The Bishop of Melbourne has shocked many of his friends by asking a play actor, Mr. Creswick, to the palace to recite Shakspeare.

—Fifty-three persons were condemned to death in France during the past year, but in only fifteen cases was the capital sentence carried out.

—Each schoolhouse in Syracuse, N. Y., is furnished with a fire extinguisher, and the steam fire company foremen have the duty of keeping them in order.

—Du Chaillu says the cannibals prefer to eat persons from sixteen to twenty-four years of age, and these are roasted, but that women over fifty are generally boiled.

—The Dutch at the Paris Exposition will come out very strong in tulips. Forty thousand bulbs are to be planted so as to figure out the arms of Haarlem in a most effective manner.

—Don Juan Antonio Cavestany, a youth only 16 years old, has astonished Madrid by writing a play called "The Slave of his Fault," which has been acted at the Teatro Espanol with much applause.

—At Mrs. Hayes' reception last Saturday, it is related that she asked a little girl what her name was. "Dora," replied the child. "Well, I am glad to see you." "You'd be gladder," answered Dora, "if you knew I was from Ohio."

—Among the acts of the British Parliament, which took place on January 1, was one to secure to married women in Scotland their property and earnings. With regard to husbands, they are only to be liable for ante-nuptial debts derived from their wives.

—General Grant has sent home a package of the gifts he has received abroad. The gold boxes presented by Glasgow and Ayr and the Edinburgh silver box are among them. Then there are gold, silver, and bronze medals, illuminated addresses, badges and decorations.

—Temperance is gaining ground rapidly in Kentucky. At Metropolis, near Paducah, a town of 3,500 inhabitants, 1,700 have already signed the Murphy pledge, two saloons have shut up for lack of custom, and others are doing a losing business. In other towns equally important work is going on. In Michigan also the work is spreading.

—Elijah Allen, of Shenandoah, Pa., who was bitten by a bull dog on the 5th of last December, died on Sunday, after the most dreadful suffering, from hydrophobia. It was not supposed at the time of the bite that the dog was mad, but after he had bitten Mr. Allen he was chained up in the hay-mow of the stable, and a day or two afterwards he was found dead.

—The Hartford (Conn.) *Courant* several days ago noticed the disembowelling of a pin cushion by some lady or other, which resulted in the discovery of over 200 needles, and now nearly everybody else in the city is ripping up these articles of furniture and sending the result to the paper. The latest discovery was 500 needles in a pin cushion which had been in use for ten years.

—In England a horse-shoe has been adopted made of three thicknesses of cowhide compressed into a steel mold and then subjected to a chemical preparation. It is claimed to last longer, and weighs only one-fourth as much as the common iron shoe; will never cause the hoof to split, nor have the least injurious influence on the foot. It requires no calks; even on asphalt the horse never slips.

—A number of philanthropic people of New Brunswick, N. J., are very indignant at a mild sort of hoax practiced at one of the county institutions. Public notice was given that a waif found in the street would have to be provided for by the county unless sympathy should induce some private individual to take and rear it as his own. Several persons called, one or two with the intention of adopting the waif, and were shown a kitten. The authorities considered it a very good joke.

—The Bishop of Manchester, England, who was one of the British Commission that came over to America twelve years ago to examine the schools, has lately given it as his opinion that the American elementary schools attempt to teach too much. Every knowable and teachable thing under the sun was crowded into the curriculum, he says, and the result is that there is no solid instruction. To learn a few things well and thoroughly, is his opinion, is the right method of disciplining the mind.

Ladies who use the cosmetic to beautify the skin should always be very careful to use nothing but the very best preparations. Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" has been in use for over twenty years, during which time it has been used by over a million ladies, and in every instance given entire satisfaction. For beautifying the skin it is far superior to any preparation in the world. Sold at all druggists everywhere.

LET BYGONES BE BYGONES.

Let bygones be bygones; if bygones were clouded
By aught that occasioned a pang of regret,
Oh, let them in darkest oblivion be shrouded;
'Tis wise and 'tis kind to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones, and good be extracted
From ill over which it is folly to fret;
The wisest of mortals have foolishly acted—
The kindest are those who forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; oh, cherish no longer
The thought that the sun of Affection has set;
Eclipsed for a moment, its rays will be stronger,
If you, like a Christian, forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; your heart will be lighter,
When kindness of yours with reception has met;
The flame of your love will be purer and brighter
If, Godlike, you strive to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; oh, purge out the leaven
Of malice, and try an example to set
To others, who craving the mercy of heaven,
Are sadly too slow to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; remember how deeply
To heaven's forbearance we all are in debt;
They value God's infinite goodness too cheaply
To heed not the precept, "Forgive and forget."

After Many Years.

Miss Carney walked up the long green lane on her way home from a tea party.

She wore a brown silk dress and a brown bonnet, and carried a large brown parasol in her hand.

The browns were of different shades, and ran softly into each other, like the tints upon a dove.

All the lines of her figure were smooth and rounded.

She was a very pretty old lady indeed, and must have been a very pretty girl, though she was a spinster, and people who believed that all unmarried women were left upon the boughs of single blessedness because they tempted nobody to pluck them, must have owned that it could not be so in her case.

Down the lane, coming toward her, walked a gentleman.

He was tall and broad, his hair was grey, and his hat was gray; and his summer-suit was grey; his beard was grey also.

He, oddly enough, was softly shaded off like another sort of dove.

The green trees were all about them both, the green grass beneath their feet. The roses nodded over the fence.

If these had been two young people instead of two old people, one might have fancied it a lovers' rendezvous, but they were old.

Of course there could be no romance about them.

In the middle of the lane, shaded by great chestnut trees, stood an old house.

Honeysuckle draped the porch.

There was an old-fashioned sweep to the well.

It was altogether a thing of the past—no modern cottage of architectural mysteries. It was so old-fashioned that it must have been the same when those two old people were young. Yes, when their parents were born doubtless it stood, by no means a new house, just as it stood now.

The pretty old lady in brown reached the gate of this house first.

She lifted the latch and stood looking down the road, thinking that it must be that the handsome old gentleman in grey had lost his way, and would inquire it of her, for the lane was no thoroughfare because of a fence and a gate and a sign, with "All persons are forbid to trespass upon these grounds" nailed upon it.

The old lady's father had put up the sign the day after the pedlar had stolen all his pears.

No neighbor minded it, but strangers did.

So the old lady waited courteously to tell the stranger that he might take the short cut through the orchard if he chose.

"He walks like somebody I know. Who can it be?" she asked herself.

Then she suddenly blushed and looked prettier than ever. Yes, certainly, it could not be because no one had desired to pluck her that she remained a faded rose upon the branch—Miss Carney, not Mrs. anybody.

On came the old gentleman in his grey coat, and as he looked at the little old lady he doffed his grey hat.

"Madame," he said, "this is where Mr. Edward Carney used to live, I know. Does he live here now?"

But the old lady looked at him with a sudden start.

"Oh!" she cried, and added, "No, he does not."

"He is ——" began the old gentleman.

"It is his tombstone that you can see under the great willow in the highest part of the churchyard," she said, pointing through the trees. "He was eighty when he died."

"Time flies fast," said the old gentleman.

"Fearfully fast," sighed the old lady.

She was not looking at him now, but at the flowers in the borders at her feet.

"Mr. Carney was a widower when I knew him, and had but one child—a daughter," said the old gentleman in grey. "She is living, is she not?"

"Yes," said the old lady.

"But she cannot be Miss Carney, still," said the old gentleman.

"But she is," said the old lady, and looked him in the face again.

Their eyes met. Hers were brown and his were gray.

"People alter out of knowledge in forty years," said she; "and how on earth I came to know you I don't know, for you look like your own grandfather, Mark Turner."

"Ask the old gentleman to walk in, then, Miss Carney" said he; "for he ought to be more weary than he used to grow on the same road a life-time ago, coming from the mill, you remember, Priscy, every Sunday evening."

"Did you?" said she, pretending to forget. "Oh, yes! of course I'll ask you to walk in, Mr. Turner.

She turned. He followed her.

They sat down in the parlor—one on either side of the polished table.

Over it, between the windows, hung the looking-glass with its narrow gilt frame.

The book-case filled the recess.

On the mantel-piece were some shell flowers under glass.

There was the stiff sofa with the black cushion like a slice of a fluted column; there were the six chairs to match, and the claw-footed sideboard.

There had been no children to break or scratch things.

All was the same as when he left it last and saw Miss Carney standing in the middle of the floor with her long black hair in curls about her shoulders, and a blue ribbon around her taper girl's waist.

Now he looked at her, and she was really old and stout, but somehow she seemed to be nobody else, but Priscy Carney.

She saw him looking from the furniture to her face and interpreted his thought.

"Yes," she said, almost angrily, "is it not strange? There are the bits of wood and glass and china, just as they used to be. There are the oak trees, only finer and greener. The very grass and flowers might be the same; and here am I, old, faded, and lonely, and my handsome, bright-eyed father dead in his grave, and all I care for gone. I wish I were gone also. I think people who have not seen each other for forty years need not seek to see each other again. I wish they would not come to me after being all the same as dead for forty years. It is precisely like seeing ghosts."

She looked as though she wanted to cry.

"Poor old ghost," said he, "whom no one wants to see—not even those who promised to remember him forever."

"Forty years is much worse than forever," said she, "and fifty-six is a terribly unromantic age."

"Yes, it is," said he, "but it is a good age enough for ghosts. By the way, do you like ghost stories? Let me tell you one?"

"Once there was a ghost—now I think of it, he wasn't always a ghost. He was a boy once—the son of a miller down by the waterside. He worked in the mill, and was floury and white as a ghost should be most of the time; but he was happy and gay, and many things happened as he liked. One of them was when a certain rich farmer in the neighborhood came to mill. The grain his servants brought in the great wagons, but he, the farmer, used to drive to mill with his little daughter in the gig beside him. She was a pretty child, with long curls, and her eyes were big and brown.

"She made a pretty picture in her white dresses and bright ribbons, and she came when she was so young that she used to hold her hands out to this boy and cry:

"'Come here, 'ittle boy. Show me where the f'our sifts from.'

"For that was what she liked to see the best, the flour sifting through the fine muslin. Every week she used to come until the miller sent his boy away to school. When he came home again she was a girl of sixteen, prettier than ever, and she remembered asking him to let her see the flour sift, and she talked to him while her father was attending to his business; and the days when she did not come the boy cared nothing for, and the days that brought her were marked and picked out as blessed days.

"After awhile he got over the shyness that kept him from going to see her, and went, and she was not displeased. She was the mistress of the house, for her mother died young. She used to make tea for him on Sunday afternoons; and after tea her father would put his handkerchief over his head and fall into a nap. Then they used to whisper together. Long after the poor boy came to be a ghost he used to remember those evenings, when he was a bright-checked young fellow, the son of a rich miller, and had the hope of marrying the girl he loved before his eyes.

"He thought the girl loved him as well as he loved her, and he had no fears of the future, no thought that trouble could come to him in any way until misfortune overtook his father. The good old man failed. The mill was sold. There was nothing but anxiety at home. At last worse came—his father died soon after his mother. He was very sad; he was poor also; but he had hope, for he was beloved by the one he loved.

"One day he went to her for comfort. He remembered the day ever after. The low-built, old-fashioned house, the great oaks, the flower-garden, the girl in her white dress and blue ribbons who came to greet him. He was full of life still, but that night, when he turned away from the house, he was a ghost—the miserable ghost of his old self, for he no longer had any faith in love.

"Standing before him, pale and sad, and with tears in her eyes, it is true, he had heard her who had made the world bright for him say:

"'It is my father's will that we should part. I cannot disobey my only parent.'

"Then she had told him that she loved him as well as ever; but he did not believe her. He thought his poverty had turned her heart from him, that she had never felt tenderly towards him, and he left her in anger, believing all that had been said and written about the falsehood of women. Yes, he was turned into a ghost."

"He might have known she was as unhappy as he was," said Miss Carney, from behind her handkerchief; "but what can a girl do when her father threatens to curse her, and she the only child he has? Only nothing could make her marry any-one else—nothing. That she could do at least."

"But the poor ghost did not know that," said the old man. "It wandered away broken hearted. It found its way to the sea first, and then into the battle. For years it was a wretched ghost, greatly to be pitied, and only wishing to die; but at last it grew content, though never happy, and worked in a great city at a trade it had until it had made a fortune.

"All the same, it was a miserable old bachelor ghost, and never found a mate; and used to say often and often, over and over again, to itself, that women were all false, and that the woman he loved had been utterly false to him. He supposed her married to someone else, and all this time he grew older and older, and long years lay between him and the happy time when he was a boy."

"Long, long years," sighed Miss Carney. "Long, long years."

"But one day," proceeded the old gentleman, "one day there came to him out of the past an old familiar face, and amidst the whirl of the great city this ghost talked to it of the green lanes and rippling streams of the spot where he was born, and asked of the house under the oaks, and the girl who dwelt there once—the girl who had been, as he thought, false to him. And this old friend told him something that made him feel suddenly that he might come to life again.

"'She never married,' she said—it was a woman. 'She lives in the old house now. Other men loved her, but she never loved any other man but you. We all know that.'

"And then the ghost said to himself—Forty years of life lost,' and went down to the green country-place to haunt his old love, and hear her say she was sorry to see him."

"Oh dear! Oh, dear!" sighed the little old lady in brown. "How could she help it? All her beauty gone, all her youth; what could she feel but sorry, and just a ghost herself?"

She arose and turned away. He arose and followed her, putting his arm about her waist.

"Priscy," he said, "you are the only woman I ever loved. Is not that something for a man to say, when it is as true as gospel?"

"Yes," said she, "and I almost believe you, for—for I've never cared for anyone else, either."

"Then why not do our best to be happy now, Priscy?" he said. "Why not marry each other, and be living people again, not two poor old ghosts?"

"Well, because folks would call us two old fools," said she.

"Well, let them," said he.

"Very well," said she; "I don't care."

Then the old gentleman in grey kissed the old lady in brown, and said:

"What day shall we set, my dear?"

What her answer was may be guessed when the village bells, just one month later, rang the wedding peal of the old lovers.

The Robe of Honor.

"Juliet, my dear, where are you?"

The young lady looked up from the pot of heliotrope over which she was bending her beautiful head at the sound of her father's voice.

"Here I am, papa dear," she answered, sweetly.

Mr. Beresford bustled in and established himself at the foot of the breakfast table, his hands filled with letters which the morning post had brought.

"Here, Juliet, sit down and give me my coffee," he continued, his face beaming with satisfaction, "while I tell you the news—good news it is, little one! Now, I lay a handsome wager you can't guess."

"No, papa, I'm sure I cannot," Juliet answered, as she took her place behind the shining coffee urn; "I am very stupid at guessing."

"Well, you shall hear. Now what do you think of this? A letter from his lordship, the Earl of Lyndenham, inviting us to join the hunting party at Hansbury Ford on Wednesday morning, and to ride home with them to Lyndenham Hall for dinner! Now, puss, do you call that good news or not?"

Miss Beresford's pretty hand began to tremble so that she spilled the coffee she was pouring, and a delicious blush mantled her fair face. Her father burst out into uproarious laughter, as he tossed the earl's note, sealed with a crest, across the table.

"Aha, how we do blush!" he cried, teasingly. "A gallop across the downs with young Lord Harry Lyndenham won't be wholly disagreeable—eh, Juliet?"

Juliet's blushes became more painfully vivid. In the wide world, Lord Harry Lyndenham, the earl's son, was the only man in whom she felt the slightest interest. She had met him repeatedly in society, and at the late flower show he had begged the honor of being her escort, a request pretty Juliet was only too willing to grant.

The earl's son was handsome, chivalrous and gallant, and he made an impression on the maiden's heart which neither absence nor apparent neglect could wholly efface.

But she was proud as she was tender and pretty, and when weeks went by, after the day of the flower show and Lord Harry did not come near Beresford Hall, or even send her a message, Juliet resolved never to waste a single thought on him again. And here she was blushing and trembling at the mere mention of his name!

She bit her lips in vexation at her own silliness and her father's raillery.

"Never mind, my dear," he continued, as he stirred his coffee; "I won't tease you another bit. No need to blush so furiously, Juliet. You're a pretty girl, and a clever one, and a good match for Lord Harry, if he is an earl's son! And he thinks so evidently, for this invitation comes at his request. I shall accept, of course, and I shouldn't wonder if the young gentleman presents himself bright and early on Wednesday morning to ride with us to the Ford."

Miss Beresford made no manner of answer, and her father went on—

"And Juliet, my love, I want you to look your best! A fine girl is never more charming than in the saddle, and you're a crack rider, my dear. I've ordered the roan mare to be clipped and shod this morning, and——"

"But, oh, papa!" Juliet interrupted, clasping her hands in dismay, "think of my habit—such a dingy, faded thing as it is—and my hat's a fright! I really cannot go!"

"We must see about the habit, my dear, and the hat too," replied her father. "Go you shall, for I've set my heart on having Lord Harry for a son-in-law!"

"Oh, papa, papa!" cried the poor girl, covered with blushes and confusion; "how can you talk so! And what can be done with my habit?"

"I'll see, my dear. Don't fret and get crowsfeet round your eyes."

Breakfast over Mr. Beresford ordered his horse, and went on a round among his tenants, and when he met his daughter at dinner he put four ten-pound notes in her hand.

"There now, pet," he said, "see what that will do. You remember that handsome habit we saw the other day? Well, I want you to drive over the first thing to-morrow morning and purchase it, and a hat and gloves to match. There won't be a more elegant habit at the hunt."

Juliet stared at him, with wide, wondering blue eyes.

"Why, papa, where did you get this money? You told me only yesterday that you hadn't ten pounds in the world, nor would you have any money till your rents were due, and here are four times ten. I hope you haven't borrowed?"

"No, no; I've only collected some back debts. I was determined you should have a suitable outfit."

Juliet kissed her father, with shining eyes and a happy heart, and that night all her dreams were of the blue velvet habit and Lord Harry.

The next morning her father was called off to London on business, but Juliet took her maid for company and made an early start for Danbury.

She had just alighted from her pony-carriage and was on her way to the shop where the blue pelisse was to be had, when a sound of piteous sobbing arrested her attention.

Pausing, she saw the wife of one of her father's tenants leaning against the railing with a babe in her arms, and another at her feet, and crying fit to break her heart.

Juliet was beside her in a moment.

"Why, Kitty, poor girl, what's the matter?" she questioned.

"Ah, miss, is it you?" sobbed the woman. "Why, my heart's quite broke—that's all, miss. The company marches to-day, and my man goes with 'em, and he that ailing as he won't live a week, miss, and me left with seven young ones at my knee, and the oldest not nine till next Lady-day. Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

Juliet's eyes filled with pitying tears.

"Poor Kitty! It is hard on you," she said. "But how does it happen that your husband must go? I thought you told me that you had saved enough to put a substitute in his place?"

"So I had, miss, or near enough, and old Betty Moody she'd promised to make up what was lacking. But—I beg your pardon, miss—you see we had got behind with the rent; we had bad luck all summer, and my man so ailing, and we hoped your father would wait till my brother came, as he'd promised to make things square for us. But your father came yesterday, miss, and he said he must have the back rent down or he'd put us out of the cottage; so James gave him the money, and to-day the company's ordered to march, and there's no help for him but to go; and he'll never come back alive, miss. I'm a-bidding him good-bye for the last time."

Juliet's eyes ran over, and her sweet lips quivered.

"It was for me," she thought; "my father took the money from these poor creatures, that I might wear a velvet habit. I can't do it—I should never sleep another peaceful hour if I did."

She turned towards the weeping woman with a resolute face.

"How much do you lack, Kitty?" she demanded.

"Thirty pounds, miss."

Juliet drew out her purse, and put three of her ten-pound notes in the amazed woman's hands.

"There it is Kitty. Keep your poor husband at home. I can do without a new habit better than you can do without him."

Followed by the woman's thanks and blessings she rushed back to her carriage and bade the driver take her home.

"And a foolish thing you've done, miss, and your father will be hawful hangry," said Betty, her maid, who was vexed to lose the pleasure of the shopping.

"I can't help it," sobbed Juliet, "and I wouldn't if I could."

Mr. Beresford didn't get back from London, but he sent his daughter a note informing her that Lord Harry Lyndenham and his sister would call for her on Wednesday, and accompany her to the Ford and to Lyndenham Hall, at which place he would join her in time for the earl's dinner.

Accordingly, on Wednesday morning, Lord Harry and Lady Alice duly appeared, and poor little Juliet, in her faded habit and fright of a hat, mounted her roan steed and accompanied them to the hunt.

Very sweet and pretty she looked, though her eyes were a trifle dull from weeping, and the young lord was all devotion. But the poor girl did not enjoy the ride nor the sport, and when she reached the hall, and was ushered into the grand dining-room, where all the gay company were assembled, her heart trembled with terror of her father's anger, until she could scarcely articulate a word in answer to her admirer's gallant speeches.

The ladies of the party were all magnificently dressed in their hunting-habits, and in the very midst of them, as they were surrounding the table, she met her father. He scowled fiercely at sight of her.

"Why, what a fright you are!" he whispered, the moment he got a chance. "Why didn't you purchase the habit? What did you do with the money?"

Poor Juliet grew frightfully pale, and could not answer.

"What did you do with the money I gave you?" repeated Mr. Beresford.

"I—I—oh, pray forgive me papa—I gave it away."

"You gave it away? and have come here in these rags? I'm ashamed of you. Don't come near me again. I'll never forgive you for this."

He put her away from him and hurried to the other end of the table, while Juliet stood alone, struggling to suppress her tears.

The Earl of Lyndenham, who stood at the head of the table drinking toasts to his guests, advanced to her side with a silver goblet in his hand.

"Now, ladies and gentleman," he said; leading her to a place at his right hand, "let us drink to Miss Beresford—to the young lady who had moral courage enough to give away her money to save a poor woman and her husband from parting, and to come to our entertainment in a shabby habit—a robe of honor, let us call it."

And he raised the hem of Juliet's habit and pressed it to his lips.

Mr. Beresford stared in amazement, and half a dozen voices cried out—

"Give us the story—the story, my lord."

"Oh, pray, pray be silent," implored the blushing girl; but the earl took no heed.

"You've heard it," he replied, "and I witnessed it. I happened to be in Danbury, and poor Kidwell's wife was making a great fuss at parting from her husband. I was thinking of aiding her myself, but while I was making up my mind to be generous, Miss Beresford here did the deed, and thereby deprived herself of a new habit for our hunting-party. No small sacrifice for a pretty girl, ladies and gentlemen. How many of us would have given up a new velvet habit to save a poor clodhopper from going to the wars? Come, now for the toast. 'Miss Beresford's robe of honor!'"

It was drunk with great enthusiasm, and a dozen young gentlemen pressed forward, eager for the honor of kissing the hem of Juliet's faded habit.

"I'm proud of you, Juliet, my love, and I beg your pardon," whispered her father, when he found himself at her side again.

She smiled up at him with beaming eyes.

Lord Harry rode home with them when the entertainment was over, and we have only to add that before another hunting season came round he made Juliet his wife.

MONTENEGRIN WOMEN.

The Montenegrin woman is in many respects an object of pity to the travelers who pass through the strange little principality; but there is no woman in the country who would not be grievously offended at any show of sympathy. To work incessantly and to suffer is the destiny of the race. They are not even welcomed into the world; a Montenegrin father, when asked by his neighbor what the sex of his newborn child is, answers, "God pardon me! it is a girl." Sometimes he says, "It is a serpent," which is a poetical manner of expressing his regrets at the birth of a daughter. The girl grows up neglected, and often cursed: she carries fagots of wood on her head, in order that she may earn a few coins with which to buy arms for her brothers. She has no youth: at twenty-five she seems already old. She is married young, and bears and cares for her children while supporting labor in the fields which would be hard even for strong men. She trembles before her father, her brother, her husband: she only awakens to freedom and independence of action when excited by the noise of the combat, to which she frequently follows the warriors. She urges them on, and loads their guns and dresses their wounds. The Montenegrin woman is rarely beautiful of feature, and the coarse work which she performs soon ruins her form. Her virtue is beyond reproach: intrigues are unknown in Montenegro, and gallantry would find a sharp reproof at the point of a yataghan. The women wander unattended wherever they please throughout the country: for, while a Montenegrin warrior would never think of relieving a woman from the heavy burden of fagots or provisions which she may be fainting under, and while he may perhaps rail at her for her weakness, he would not by word or deed offer her the slightest insult. The woman is almost servile with regard to her husband: if she sees him coming along the road, she turns off or passes him rapidly that he may not be compelled to recognize her. Should the warrior be seen wasting his time in loitering by his wife's side, he would be subjected to reproach from the elders in the village.

THE REVIEWER
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"Too Rich," a romance after the German of Adolph Streckfuss by Mrs. A. L. Wister, has just been issued by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of this city. It is uniform with the other translations of Mrs. Wister published by this firm, and which are so popular. "Too Rich" is the story of a charming young woman who has a royal fortune at her disposal, and who has many suitors for her purse if not her heart and hand. Her career is one of intense interest. The story is dramatic and full of fine pictures, and the translation of Mrs. Wister is excellent. It contains 370 pages of clearly printed matter, upon fine paper, and is bound in fine cloth, 12mo. Price $1.75.

Messrs. Lippincott & Co., have also published "My Intimate Friend," a novel by Florence J. Duncan. It is a love history of a girl and her friend, and their adventures make up a very pleasant book full of incident and effect. The scene of the story alternates between Hoboken and Ottawa, Canada, and the characters which fill it are well drawn and interesting. The book contains 336 pages, fine paper, clear type, and is bound in ornamented cloth. Price $1.50.

"Kathleen" a perfect love story by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," is a new publication of Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of this city. "Kathleen" is just the most perfect and charming of all love stories, tender, true and pathetic. Kathleen was a natural beauty, and made a very decided impression on the heart of our hero long before she had learned the meaning of the word "love." It is published in one volume, paper cover, 212 pages. Price 50 cents.

"The Combination Almanac-Calendar" published by W. Wallis Davis, Union-Argus building, Brooklyn, N. Y., is one of the best means of time and other reference, that has yet been published. To the office generally its use will save a great deal of time and trouble. No calendar ever issued has possessed so many and such important business requirements in so compact and convenient a form. It retails for twenty-five cents.

MAGAZINES.

D. Appleton & Co., of New York, send us *The Popular Science Monthly* for February. This is a very strong number. It contains the beginning of a very fine article on the "Evolution of Ceremonial Government," by Herbert Spencer; an illustrated article by Prof. Joseph Le Conte on "Geysers and How They are Explained;" a paper on the "Hygienic Influence of Plants," by Dr. Max Von Pettenkofer; an article on "Counting by the Aid of the Fingers," by Prof. John Trowbridge; a very good and thorough dissertation of "Modern Life and Insanity," by Daniel Hachtuke, M. D. The fourth number of "The Growth of the Steam Engine," illustrated. An account, by E. W. Davis, of "The Magnetic Observatory at Madison, Wisconsin." "The Chemistry of Fruit Ripening," by Prof. Albert B. Prescott. Addresses of President Elliott and Prof. Marsh. The first paper of Prof. Tyndall's "Spontaneous Generation." A sketch of Walter Bagehot, with a portrait. Correspondence, editors' table, literary notices, popular miscellany and notes.

Lippincott's Magazine for February contains a number of articles of special interest and merit. "With the Russians in Bulgaria" is the first of a series of papers, by Edward King, describing the seat of war, the Russian army and its leaders, and the Bulgarian people from personal observation, with illustrations from original drawings, by an artist of the *London Graphic*. Alfred T. Bacon's account of Syracuse, which forms the concluding paper of his "Month in Sicily," and Prof. James A. Harrison's "Glimpse of Sweden," are equally vivid and instructive, and are copiously illustrated. "Hunting in France," by L. Lejeune, shows a knowledge of the country and its sports such as no foreigner can possess, and contains many graphic descriptions and amusing anecdotes. Simpler, but not less striking, is "A Reminiscence of the First Iron-Clad Fight," by an officer on board the ill-fated Congress, whose account of one of the most dramatic incidents of modern warfare is a valuable contribution to the history of our civil war. "Thirty-five Years off Soundings" is the punning title of a paper by a deaf contributer, who has made a close study of his infirmity, and who relates his experience in a way that must engage the sympathy of all his readers. There are several capital stories in the number, and the "Gossip" is fresh and entertaining.

The Leonard Scott Publishing Co., 41 Barclay street, New York, have published *Blackwood* for January in good season.

The serial, "Mine is Thine," is continued.

The second article, "Murder of Commissioner Fraser, Delhi, 1835," is a striking narrative of circumstantial evidence, leading to the apprehension and conviction of an assassin.

The third article being Part II. of "The Tender Recollections of Irene Macgillicuddy," will be eagerly read, as Macgillicuddy draws upon her memory and not upon her fancy, and introduces, under assumed names, many personages known in "society." The first part, which appeared in the December number, has been much talked about.

We are glad to have another series of articles on "French Home Life." The present one, entitled "Religion," is an estimate of the general position of religious opinion in France, and the form and force of its action.

"Schools of Mind and Manners" treats of the "discipline which fits for society," and the importance of forming the manners of children, instead of allowing them to form themselves.

"Translations from Heine" are continued, and succeeding articles are devoted to the war in Turkey, and a consideration of England's policy in the East.

The periodicals reprinted by The Leonard Scott Publishing Co., (41 Barclay street, N. Y.,) are as follows: *The London Quarterly*, *Edinburgh*, *Westminster*, and *British Quarterly Reviews*, and *Blackwood's Magazine*. Price, $4 a year for any one or only $15 for all, and the postage is prepaid by the publishers.

From Messrs. Scribner & Co. we have received *St. Nicholas* for February. This is a most delightful number, full of charming illustrations and first-class reading matter for the little folks and their elders. It contains, among other good things, the following illustrated articles of fine merit: "The Tea Country;" "The Old Man and the Nervous Cow;" "Little Bo-Peep She Went to Sleep;" "Sollmin;" "A Ship of the Desert;" "Huckleberry;" "How Sir William Phips Found the Treasure in the Sea;" "Some Fishing Birds of Florida;" "Man's Peace Offering;" "The Tower Mountain;" "Some Indoor Games of Marbles;" "The London Dustman." The conclusion of Part II of "The Raven and the Angels;" chapters VII and VIII of "Under the Lilacs;" besides four pretty poems: "The Shepherd Boy," "Treasure Trove," "Belinda Blonde," "Gifts for St. Nicholas." The Little Folks' Depart ment is full of interest and good pictures.

We have received from the editor and proprietor the initial number of the *Philadelphia Druggist and Chemist*, a magazine devoted to *materia medica*, pharmacy, chemistry, therapeutics and the collateral sciences, edited and published by C. C. Vanderbeck, M. D. Ph. D., No. 1011 Walnut street, of this city. The first number is a very good one and contains five original papers of merit, correspondence, and a full and thoughtful editorial department. There is an article upon "The use of Salicylic Acid in the Household," which will interest housekeepers; and there is a good letter by Dr. C. Shaffner on "Eye Diseases Among the Poor," which ought to interest everybody. As the editor remarks in his salutatory, the magazine appeals to "druggists, chemists and physicians," and will no doubt have a wide success. Subscription price $1.50 per year in advance. Single numbers, 20 cents.

We have received the "Twenty-fifth Annual Report of the Pennsylvania Training School for Feeble Minded Children," of Media, Delaware county. It gives a pretty engraving of the school, which is situated in a delightful country. The wonderful progress this school has accomplished in the training of the children is shown by this report, and every philanthropist ought to be interested in its pages.

MUSIC.

The *Folio* for February reaches us from the publishers, White, Smith & Co., of Boston. It contains a fine portrait of Mary Anderson, excellent reading matter, and the following music: "Two Men of the Olden Time," a character duett; "Down by the Brooklet," song; "Home Sweet Home," *fantasie de concert;* "The Blue Glass Gallop," by Zikoff; "My Soul to God" a sacred song, for mezzo-soprano or baritone, with quartette *ad libitum*.

Mr. Rae Stephens, of Detroit, Michigan, sends us *The Amphion* for January, a magazine devoted to music and its literature. Besides good literary matter and a portrait of Marie Roze Perkins, it contains "Sleep my Child," quartette for male voices, by Harris; "The Red Ribbon," song and chorus, by Norris; an Overture, by Battman. *The Amphion* is $1.10 per annum, including postage.

Messrs. S. T. Gordon & Son, of New York, send us "I do not ask Dame Fortune's Smile" song by James A. Bartley, music by H. P. Danks; "In Happy Dreams," song, words and music by the above; "There'll be Brighter Days My Darling," song and chorus, by Thomas P. Westendorf; "Fruhling's March," by Jas. Dauer; "The King Shepherd," a pastoral reverie for piano, by Kenyon Jones.

Messrs. Smith, White & Perry, of Boston, send us "Come Back to Me Darling Ellene," as sung by Frank Campbell, words by Mark H. Durgin, music by L. E. Hicks, and "Snowflake March," by Charles V. Cloy.

THE COLOR OF FLOWERS.—Of the color of flowers Linnæus, the great botanist, says that yellow indicates bitter flavor; red, acid or sour; green, a crude alkaline taste; pale-green, insipidity; white, luscious; black, harsh and nauseous. Green is most common, and black the most rare. No flower has its proper color until in full bloom; some change two or three times—red changes into white or blue, blue into white and yellow, yellow into white, and white into purple.

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In order to meet the increased demand this Summer, the publishers were obliged to issue the Fourth Edition without waiting for the Preface that was announced to accompany it. They are now ready to fill orders with the Preface.

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PHILADELPHIA
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SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 26, 1878.

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HOME CULTURE is replete with thought and interest of the highest order, and no better dissertation upon etiquette was ever published. It is admirable this week.

POWERFUL SERIALS by well-known writers will appear during the present winter in the columns of the POST. We think we have kept faith with our readers in fully anticipating their wishes in this regard and the new year of the paper begins under the most favorable and brilliant auspices.

LADIES DEPARTMENT, FASHION NOTES, QUERIES AND FIRESIDE CHAT. We call our readers attention to this very interesting and useful department of the POST, and beg them to observe that it has been entirely remodelled and enriched by a series of valuable and timely hints upon topics of everyday importance to HOUSEKEEPERS AND LOVERS OF COSY HOMES. It will also be noticed that the editor of this special department solicits from all, who questions upon such topics, and any information respecting the subject matter of Fireside Chat which will be of service to those to whom this department is dedicated. All questions will be answered and all communications duly and promptly considered by the editor.

THE NEMESIS OF LOVE,

by CLEMENTINE MONTAGU, which begins in this number of the POST, will be found a most delicately painted picture of the English aristocracy. It is picturesque, thrilling and very dramatic. The characters are all drawn boldly, and every scene of the mysterious drama is a work of art. It is a pure love story in which the grand passion is depicted with great power. The career of Lionel, Duke of Castle Towers, and of Lady Euphemia, his sister, of Barbara Hepburn and Mrs. Longmore, who appear upon the first scene of this love drama, will be followed with intense interest by all our readers from chapter to chapter until the close.

THE VALUE OF READING.

One of the great comforts of life is a taste for reading. It is something which, once having acquired, few persons would care to lose. A distinguished judge once said that he would not part with his love of reading for the wealth of all the Indies; and certainly it is a pleasure which everybody can afford to indulge in, and in which there can be no surfeit.

It is requisite, of course, to know what to read and how to read. Bacon's aphorism about some books being merely to be tasted, some to be swallowed, and others digested, is a wise one, and the reader who is not a student will find much in this book and newspaper-littered world that ought not even to be tasted, but which ought to be rejected at first sight. Books that are to be read and enjoyed are many, and it is a blessing that in the present wide-awake epoch in which we live we can have cheap books and cheap periodicals, and can enjoy them and digest them either for our hearts' delight or our brains' good.

There is great value in reading. The Americans read more than any other nation, and this is the effect of a common school education. There is much that is worthless which is read, and much that is reprehensible, but a really superior book, paper, or magazine always survives its inferior contemporaries, and lends valuable aid towards the increase of knowledge in all the departments of literature.

The daily paper is valuable on account of its epitome of present news and the actual events of the world. The weekly literary paper is valuable because it furnishes not only the *belles lettres* of life in a condensed form, such as poetry and fiction, but because it only reaches a mass of readers whose circumstances do not place them within the reach of magazines or books. Monthly periodicals are valuable because they give, in a still more extended form, the results of the research, thought, or imagination of genius; and books are valuable because they are the final crystallization of such genius.

The weekly literary paper, when edited conscientiously, is probably one of the most efficient teachers, and one of the most widely popular methods of disseminating thought. Its comparative cheapness, its variety of topic, its condensation of the useful news—its fiction and poetry make it the popular vehicle, and as it is widely read, so it is in this respect widely useful.

SANCTUM CHAT.

WE never read Hamlet without thinking what a "soft" thing the undertaker had. The King, Queen, Ophelia, Laertes, Polonious and Hamlet's father—seven corpses! "A Big Bonanza" of death.

A CERTAIN poet has quaintly said that "there's lots of music in a fiddle if you could only get it out." Well it takes just ten years of hard practice to get it out—and a fellow by following scales and exercises for eight hours every day during that period, Sundays excepted, might be able to take the squeak out of the instrument, and as soon as the squeak is out, the fiddle becomes a "violin."

THERE is something supremely fascinating in a crowd. Charles Lamb used to say that he loved the throngs on the London streets better than the lonely fields and woods of the country, and surely there is something infinitely better in the contemplation of the choicest and proudest work of God's hand, Man, than in the silent solitude of nature's scenery. Humanity ought always to be interesting to humanity, and especially so to the philosopher and poet.

WHAT is enterprise? To toil day and night, know no repose, know no delight; no holiday, no respite or rest; to toil, to save; to weigh, to ponder over petty things, over mean things; to beat down the weak, cajole the strong; cheat, lie and prosper,—or to think nobly, live quietly; enjoy much of God's best gifts, in nature and in man; the aristocracy of brain, of genius; the companionship of philosphers; to read the best of ancient lore; to hear the best of music; to see the finest of plays; to live all one's allotted days nerved and strengthened to the last. Which career hath enterprise?

JANUARY is derived from Janus, the Roman two-faced god, who saw as much behind as he did before. The object of his double face was probably to look into the past year with his back face, and into the present with his front, so as to correct in the new year what he saw undone in the old. We pity old Janus, because it is as sad a thing to be peering all the time into the past, as it is to be worrying about the future. Let us look steadily forward, not backward, and look with eyes of hope, not of fear into the coming year—

> Leaving evil things that bind us,
> When unpaid bills remind us,
> There's an enemy behind us.

BULGARIAN jaws seem to be in great demand in Europe. The rumor is that great numbers of the skulls of those slain in the late battles have found a ready market and high prices as precious relics of the bloody epoch. It seems the hawkers in this species of ware, polish and bleach the jawbones of the skulls and extract the teeth, and they are then disposed off at fancy sums in Paris and elsewhere. The expression, "hold your jaw," may now have some significance as a cant term of the bone peddlars, when advised of a rising market. This is literally going into the "jaws of death" with a vengeance.

THE latest fashion in ladies' dresses appears to be a peculiar effect given by means of a certain dye, whereby the dress under the gaslight seems to possess an electrical sheen which they say is very dazzling. A series of intermittent sparks appears to scintillate all over the robe, and the lady who wears the toilette is sure to magnetize the crowd. It would be a good idea to dispense with the gaslights entirely when these dresses are worn, and let the lustre of the flounces illuminate the saloon, and science, always humoring her sister art, might devise a species of pretty fireworks to be worn as appendages to such a dress. When such fashions as these come into general use, the fair sex will be more emulous than ever to "take the shine" out of their rivals.

THE cry goes up that this modern world of ours is not original, that it reproduces old thoughts, and litters the book market with dead men's fancies, feelings and philosophies. Whether it be original or not, give us the modern age, say we, with all its faults; with all its short-comings; with all its freedom. The next age is to test how original this one is, and we cannot judge—because we are actors in the scene ourselves, and are too near the music. It will sound better afar off. If this be the age of interpretation, as some critics assert, then the immortal dead of ages agone, if their *manes* are permitted to see and hear what is going on in this great nineteenth century, will thank us for our appreciation of their greatness. Homer, Shakespeare, Beethoven, Michael Angelo—none of these ever were at any epoch of the world's history more thoroughly understood, appreciated and canonized than they are to-day.

THE effect of music has been tried on the insane with very beneficial effect. Mr. Pattison, the well known pianist of New York, lately visited Blackwell's Island and gave the miserable inmates of that institution a musical treat. The patients were moved by the harmony, and one old German woman was actually thrilled to tears, and probably can now be restored to reason. It is a laudable charity, this of giving these unfortunates the benefit of divine chords, but it is also interesting in a psychological sense, inasmuch as there may really be much power in musical sound to call the lost mind back to its throne, and the healthful vigor of life back to the shattered nerves. But poor music will probably do as well as good, and it will be a good thing to have all the piano-bangers in the land play to the insane, and thus while they are enjoying their own performance, at the same time really act as the benefactors and not the torturers of their fellow men.

THE tendency of modern fiction writing is too much towards the transcendental, or if not in this direction, towards painful analysis of character, morbid analysis which has nothing of the beautiful in it. The true aim of the writer of a story should be principally that of inculcating a harmonious effect and making the narrative a complete work of art. We do not care to read fiction which gives us the petty humors of women, and the idle caprices of idle men, and the clatter of conventional drawing-rooms. Rather would we seek relief from such everyday prose in the perusal of the "Arabian Tales," and some of the old fairy lore. Such dreamy works as these works would take us out of the nineteenth century commonplace and transplant us in a lot of Elysium where we could for the moment forget all about the lack-a-daisical men and women about us. There is plenty of romance and beauty in the life around us if the novelist is only poet enough to see and appreciate it.

CIVILIZED man desires something better now-a-days than gas for illuminating purposes. The present distillation of bituminous coal for producing gas is far deficient in the light-giving qualities which our over-taxed eyes need, and night-work is becoming such a necessity that we are ever ready to implore science for a new discovery which will give us a cheap, a steady and a penetrating illumination. The electric light is too intense, even when subdued by ground glass shades of many thicknesses; moreover, it is very expensive and difficult to maintain without great care and vigilance. Coal oil is dangerous, and whale oil is scarce and dear; so that we will either have to do as the old Romans did, according to DeQuincy and Charles Lamb—that is, "go to bed in the dark," or go back to candles. Candles are, after all, very pleasant lights, pleasant to the eyesight, safe, steady and clear, and a properly adjusted candle makes a good light by which to write. But gas is an abomination. It is flaring, yellow, dull and liable to explosion. Now "let there be light," we again beg of science.

IT is a curious fact that the Chinese and Tartar people who become converts to any religion at all, take readily to Mohamedanism and not to Christianity. Christianity is too high for them, and it is easy to understand why these half-savage nations worship Confucius and Buddha, and devotees to Shamanism to a great extent appreciate so heartily the doctrines of Mohamet. There is a certain freedom in the Musselman religion which is not found in that of these soul-enslaved people. Certainly Mohammedanism is a great step in advance of Buddhism, or any of the other rituals of the East. But the significant fact is that as soon as these tribes become converts to the doctrines of the Prophet, they rebel against their civil authority, take up arms and attempt to assert their independence. A number of Turkish missionaries lately converted some of the inhabitants of a lower province in China. These converts at once rebelled, and made a desperate fight for freedom. Surely there was an awakening of mind and soul here in this instinct to strike for a purer, better atmosphere, and we can but say that it was a great victory of soul over mere body, for the religion of the hero of the Hegira, whatever be its faults, is a great—an immense improvement over the worship of idols and human sacrifices.

SENSATIONAL LITERATURE.—One of the best sermons on the evil effects of sensational literature with which our news stands and circulating libraries are flooded, is preached by a New York paper in a two-page cartoon. One page represents a youth fallen asleep in the midst of a small pool of this kind of reading, while the air around is filled with the unreal and demoralizing characters and "situations," the product of the young man's dreams after indulgence in these pernicious mental stimulants. The opposite page is filled with a very prosaic, but terribly real, picture of a young man in convict's dress, sitting on his hard prison cot, his face buried in his hands, and his cell illuminated faintly by the light which streams through the narrow, grated slit in the stone walls which shut him in. The first picture is labelled "Cause," the second "Effect."

HOME CULTURE.
XXXI.

SELF-TRAINING;
A COMPANION TO THE
"YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND,"
Compiled to Suit Life in America,
BY
MRS. H. O. WARD.

CHAPTER XI—[CONTINUED.]

If it be urged that he is not justified in breaking through others' forms that he may establish different ones, and so sacrificing the wishes of many to his own wishes, he replies that all religious and political changes might be negatived on like grounds. He asks whether Luther's sayings and doings were not extremely offensive to the mass of his contemporaries; whether the resistance of Hampden was not disgusting to the time-servers around him; whether every reformer has not shocked men's prejudices; thus proving that to be consistent, his antagonist must condemn not only all nonconformity in actions, but all nonconformity in thoughts. They may then rejoin that if a man may offend by the disregard of some forms, he may as legitimately do so by the disregard of all. The convention breaker answers, that to ask this implies a confounding of two widely different classes of actions—the actions that are *essentially* displeasurable to those around, with the actions that are but *incidentally* displeasurable to them. He who goes to dinner in a dirty shirt, or with unwashed hands, or he who talks so loudly as to disturb a whole room, may be justly complained of, and rightly excluded by society from its assemblies. But he who presents himself in the evening in a frock-coat in place of a dress-coat, gives offense, not to men's senses, or their innate tastes, but merely to their prejudices or their bigotry of convention. Therefore, as the man so offending is the only one that suffers from his violation of prescribed rules, the only effect should be in the avoidance of exposing himself to like annoyances in the future. The reformer explains that it is not against the necessary restraints, but against the needless ones, that he protests; and that manifestly the fire of sneers and angry glances which he has to bear, is poured upon him because he will judge and act for himself.

Should he be asked how we are to distinguish between conduct that is *absolutely* disagreeable to others, and conduct that is *relatively* so, he answers, that they will distinguish themselves, if men will let them. Actions not intrinsically repugnant, will establish themselves as proper. The dislike of dirt would continue were Fashion abolished tomorrow. Self-respect and love of approbation would still cause people to wish to dress and to appear *en regle*, and to respect the natural laws of good behavior, as they now do the artificial ones. The change would be for the better. The dislike with which people commonly speak of society that is "formal" and "stiff," and "ceremonies," implies the fact that artificial observances tend to extinguish that agreeable communion which they were originally intended to secure.

But it is not only in these details that the self-defeating action of our arrangements is traceable; it is traceable in the very substance and nature of them. Our social intercourse, as commonly managed, is a mere semblance of the reality sought. What is it that we want? Some sympathetic converse with our fellow-creatures; some converse that shall not be dead words, but the vehicle of living thoughts and feelings—converse in which the eyes and the face shall speak, and the tones of the voice be full of meaning—converse which shall make us feel no longer alone, but shall draw us closer to another, and double our own emotions by adding another's to them. Mark the words of Bacon: "For a crowd is not a company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love."

In general society assemblages you need but look round at the artificial expressions of face, to see at once how it is. All have their disguises on, and how can there be sympathy between masks? No wonder that, in private, every one exclaims against the stupidity of most of these gatherings. No wonder that hostesses get them up rather because they must, than because they wish. No wonder that the invited go less from the expectation of pleasure than from fear of giving offence. What is the usual plea put in for giving and attending these tedious assemblages? "I admit that they are stupid and frivolous enough," replies every man to your criticisms; "but then, you know, one must keep up one's connections with the world." And could you get sincere answers from the wives and mothers, would they not often be "Like you I am sick of these frivolities; but then, we must get our daughters married." The one knows that there is a profession to push, a practice to gain, a business to extend, or political influence to secure, or positions, berths, favors, profit. The other's thoughts run upon a suitable marriage, as the only desirable destiny for their daughters; and thus social intercourse is kept up almost entirely with a view to the pecuniary and matrimonial results which they indirectly produce.

Who shall then say that the reform of our system of observances is unimportant? When we take into consideration all the evil that it works, besides its blighting influence on that enjoyment, which is a chief end of our hard struggling in life to obtain—shall we not conclude that to reform our system of etiquette and fashion, is an aim yielding to few in urgency?

Institutions that have lost their roots in men's needs are doomed, and the day of their dissolution is not far off. The time is approaching, then, when our system of social observances must pass through some crisis, out of which it will come purified and comparatively simple, and understood alike by all.

How this crisis will come about no one can, with any certainty, say. In the meantime, the convention breaker finds that he pays too heavily for his nonconformity. He does not like to have his unconventionalities put down to ignorance, ill-breeding, or to poverty. He starts with the idea that it will save him from a great deal of social intercourse of a frivolous kind—that he will get rid of the fools, and retain only the sensible people, serving as a self-acting test by which those worth knowing would be separated from those not worth knowing. But the fools prove to be so greatly in the majority that, by offending them, he closes against himself nearly all the avenues through which the sensible people are to be reached.

Abortive as individual protests generally turn out, it may possibly be that nothing effectual will be done until there arises some organized resistance to this invisible despotism, by which our minds and habits are dictated. Alike in Church and State, men's first emancipations from excess of restriction were achieved by numbers, bound together by a common creed, or a common political faith. What remained undone while there were but individual schismatics or rebels, was effected when there came to be many acting in concert.

That community of origin, growth, supremacy, and decadence, found among all kinds of government, suggests a community in modes of change also. On the other hand, Nature often performs substantially similar operations, in ways apparently different. Hence these details can never be foretold.

Society, in all its developments, undergoes the process of exuviation. These old forms which it successively throws off, have all been once vitally united with it—have severally served as the protective envelopes within which a higher humanity was being evolved. They are cast aside only when they become hindrances—only when some inner and better envelope has been formed, bequeathing to us all that there was in them that is good. The periodical abolition of tyrannical laws has left the administration of justice not only uninjured, but purified. Dead and buried creeds have not carried with them the essential morality they contained, which still exists, uncontaminated by the laws of superstition. And all that there is of justice and kindness, and beauty, embodied in forms of etiquette, will live perennially when the forms themselves have been forgotten.

Let the world go as it pleases, says an ingenious writer, "To live happily, it is an excellent maxim to take things just as they are." Such a course may be politic, but it is one which produces nothing good. The powers of the human soul are more extensive than they are in general imagined to be; and he who feels its divine energy moving within him, turns with abhorrence from all that tends to diminish or impair its operations. Although constrained by the duties of his situation, it may be, to mix in the intercourses of society, he cannot do so without seeing how the dignity of his own character is hazarded by associating with those who consult upon every occasion the oracle of public opinion—so infallible in their ideas—before they know what to think, or in what manner their judgment should be formed, or their conduct regulated. Weak minds, says Zimmerman, always conceive it most safe to adopt the sentiments of the multitude. Its decisions, whether upon men or things, they implicitly follow, without giving themselves the trouble to inquire who is right, or on which side truth lies. The spirit of truth and love of equity, indeed, are only to be expected from those who are fearless of the imperious voice of Fashion, when its dictates are senseless and absurd. That superiority of genius which enables its possessor to command events dwells in no subservient soul. Such an one will go through life, studying both men and manners, making observations which confirm a truth or refute a prejudice, unveiling and stripping of its false glare the whole system of life, and boldly and publicly announcing, as the occasion may require that which a weak mind would tremble to think of. By the liberty of the press, that channel through which the light of truth should be diffused among the people, good writers may inspire other minds with courage, and by a free communication of sentiment, cause the progress of ideas and that improvement in social life which so many desire, but know not how to attain.

An author must write in the language of truth; in society a man is in the constant habit of feeling it only, for he must impose a necessary silence upon his lips. Therefore, what is written has more of influence and power than what is said. And yet how many possessing the gift of the pen, hesitate to use it lest they should be stigmatized in some one way or another. The proverb, "Common sense is better than fine and exalted sense," is disputed by Helvetius, when he says, A man of common sense is a man in whose character indolence predominates. He is not endowed with that activity of soul, which, in high stations, leads great minds to discover new springs by which they may set the world in motion, or to sow those seeds from the growth of which they are enabled to produce future events. The ordinary occupations of life destroy the enthusiasm of genius. The souls of the philosophic observer and profound writer sicken under the general pressure, and become almost extinct. For what stimulus is there to exertion, what inducement to write, when the author is previously convinced that every one will endeavor to turn it into ridicule the moment they learn from whose pen it was produced? asks Zimmerman. "Would that mine enemy would write a book," said Job, showing that there were dishonest reviewers in those days as now, for Job himself probably contemplated being a critic in this case. If you rise to some height, says Montesquieu, in defence of his immortal work, "The Spirit of the Laws," (Query—Was it "want of proper self-respect and of dignity" to defend his work?) "If you rise to some height, the critics take out their rule and compass, lifting up their heads, desire you to come down, that they may measure you; and in running your course, they advise you to take notice of all the impediments which the ants have raised in your way."

Although it may be true, as has been asserted, that all great and excellent writers write for immortality, looking with enthusiasm towards the suffrages of posterity, it is just as true that many writers seek no such recompense. Holding aloft their rush-light of truth, they are satisfied if its feeble rays escape the "Jobs" of the present day—(*i. e.*, their personal foes) lying in wait to put out the lights, and are more than content if a few faithful hearts refrain from reproaching them because the glimmer is not that of a torch.

Praises, says Plutarch, bestowed upon great and exalted minds only rouse and spur on their emulation. Glory, like a rapid torrent, hurries them irresistibly on to everything that is great and noble. Their present actions are only a pledge of what may be expected from them, and they would blush not to live faithful to their glory, and to render it still more illustrious by the noblest deeds. So encouraging words of appreciation may stimulate lesser minds into efforts which otherwise would never have had birth. "The love of praise influences all mankind," says Cicero, "and the greatest minds are most susceptible of it."

The human character, it is true, frequently exhibits a singular mixture of virtue and vice, of strength and weakness; and why should we conceal it? Our foibles follow all that is terrestrial in our nature to the tomb, and lie buried with the body by which they were produced. The nobler part, if we have performed any work worthy of existence, survives; and our writings are the best wealth we leave behind us when we die. The writer who knows and dares to paint the characters of men, must, without doubt, wear a triple shield upon his breast; but, on the other hand, there is no book worth reading without this style of painting. There are certain truths in every good work against which the indignation of those who are interested will naturally arise, venting itself, in clamor, against the author who has hazarded opinions upon the philosophy of life for the benefit of mankind.

Those authors who speculate on mankind and describe human manners, who study the characters of every description of people, with their manner of acting and modes of thinking, need boldness and confidence to describe things by their true names, and to disclose, by their writings, all those truths which every free and liberal mind ought to be permitted to disclose for the instruction of the people—thus spreading the philosophy of human life abroad until the time comes when every man will dare to think for himself, and disdain to be guided by public opinion.

Under a republican form of government, continues Zimmerman, the first maxim parents inculcate into the minds of their children is, "not to make themselves enemies." To this sage counsel, he replied, "My dear mother, do you not know, that he who has no enemies is a poor man. Those who have bitter enemies are also those who have strong friends." Schiller puts in the mouth of Marie Stuart these words:

"*Ich bin viel gehasset worden, doch auch viel geliebt.*" (I have been much hated, yet also much loved).

Poor queen, it was only a simple truth she spoke. Let a woman, says Octavia Hensel, I care not *who* or *what* she is, be better looking, or more talented, or better educated than other women with whom she is brought in contact, and the demon of low, cruel jealousy strives to blight her life, or at least, to embitter it. Religion has no restraining power here; professing Christian women, yes, and men, too, descend to fraud, deceit, and even lying, concerning one more talented, more cultured than themselves. These are they who hate much. But the balance is even, especially if a woman who has faith enough to remember the unknown sympathies. There are noble women and men, who, professing less Christianity, make a better practical exemplification of it, who bravely and truthfully stand by the cruelly condemned one, and whisper to the sad heart the holiest attributes of God, love and charity. Ouida has hit the mark in these simple words: "Dullness and mediocrity may live unmolested and unattacked, but people never tire of finding spots on a sun whose brilliancy blinds them."

Books that treat of men, and manners, and customs of the times, live longer than many nobler works dealing with less popular subjects. The reader of one hundred years hence may find even more interest in them (as revealing the characteristics of the society of their times), than do the present generation. It is marvellous to see how the experiences of humanity like the events of history repeat themselves. An author of the last century, after commenting upon the importance of instruction through books, and the duties of writers, says: An author is viewed by his fellow-citizens and by contemporary writers with different eyes. By the latter his defects as well as his good qualities, are easily discernible in his writings, which, if they express one sentiment with sincerity, often become the strongest evidence against him. This idea, however, is consolatory to the feelings of his dear countrymen, to whose ears the praises which he has received may reach, and who are obliged to admit the mortifying idea that there are people in the world who hold his works in some esteem. The fellow-citizen, on the contrary, seeks only to divine the intention of the author; construes every expression contrary to its import; perceives a vein of satire where, in fact, no satire exists; where it would be impossible that there should be any, and disfigures even those respectable truths which the author discloses in the sincerity of his heart, and for which every just and honest mind will silently thank him.

Such a state of things must have a tendency to restrain the use of the pen in its efforts to correct evils and institute reforms; which fact is to be deplored because it is such a powerful engine to wield in the service of humanity. Harshness is, without doubt, excluded from society; whilst, on the other hand, the naked truths which well written works disclose frequently strike the mind and produce an effect. A writer may be civil and polite in his personal intercourse with mankind, and still properly severe in his works. He, who in circles of society, is kind in his behavior and complacent in his manners, may surely be permitted to hazard in his writings a bold, or even a harsh, expression, and to insert here and there a melancholy truth, when so many others are occupied in circulating sprightly falsehoods with their tongues in a society where energy of thought is banished from conversation. Or it may be that many are withheld from using their pens for advancing the good of their kind by thoughts of the little that can be accomplished single-handed, working for any good, or warring with any evil. Where would the world be now, had all men reasoned in this way? The great art of doing much is doing a little at a time. All the performances of human art at which we look with praise or wonder, says the celebrated Dr. Johnson, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance; it is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united by canals. If a man was to compare the single stroke of the pickaxe, or of an impression of the spade, with the general design and last result, he would be overwhelmed by the sense of their disproportion. Yet those petty operations, incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties; and mountains are levelled, and oceans bounded by the slender force of human beings. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that men should add to their reason, and their spirit, the power of persisting in their purposes; acquire the art of sapping what they cannot batter, and the habit of vanquishing obstinate resistance by obstinate attacks.

Others, again, may be withheld from using the powers entrusted to them for the benefit of their fellow creatures by the fear of ridicule, or of being pointed out as would-be leaders, or reformers. Ah, how much might be gained if, instead of cruel sneers and wilful perversion of motives, men and women, old and young, would try to do a little toward making people happy, toward making them kind to one another, acting on the principle that, no matter how rich or how poor, everybody needs all the kindness they can get from others in this world. "To tell you the truth," said the Archbishop of Cashell, in a letter to Dean Swift, "I have for these four or five years past met with so much treachery, baseness, and ingratitude among mankind, that I can hardly think it incumbent upon any man to endeavor to do good to so perverse a generation."

Again, a living author writes: "The pain as of a knife forever thrust into the loins, of a cord forever knotted hard about the temples, is the daily and nightly penalty of those mad enough to believe that they have the force in them to change the sluggard, and the swinish appetites, and the hungry crueities of their kind, into a life of high endeavor and divine desire."

The best answer that could be made to this wail of discouraged effort and baffled purpose comes from the same pen writing from its Horeb: "To the reed that has once trembled under the melody born of the breath divine, the voices of mortal mouths as they scream in rage, or exult in clamor, or contend in battle, must ever seem the idlest and emptiest of all the sounds under heaven."

Only those who dwell upon the mountain of inspiration are able to shut out these sounds; but neither poets, prophets, nor preachers can dwell there always, and when they come down from their heights they find their paths sown with discouragements, bristling as thickly as quills on the back of a porcupine.

Zimmerman says that the author who writes for the good of his fellow citizens is a fool who sows his seed upon a rock, or as those who scribble their names on walks and on panes of glass. His towns-people may pardon something that is good, but nothing that is severe, great or free. To the prejudiced rabble, therefore, he must learn to be discreetly silent; for, openly to avow sentiments that would do honor to his character, is only to exasperate against himself all those amongst whom he lives, who possess small souls and mean natures.

But authors, who are more or less students of human nature, know that all impartial and rational minds adopt principles in judging the merit of a good work which are the same throughout the world. That they inquire: "Does the work relate to the interests of mankind? Is its object useful, and its end moral?" If it inspires noble sentiments and generous resolutions, their judgment is fixed—the work is good, and the author a master of the science; a philosopher, a benefactor of mankind.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

To live long it is necessary to live slowly.

SUNDOWN.

BY MARY B. DODGE.

Where sky begins or sea line end
In yon horizon's mysteries,
No eye can mark, so softly blend
The sea's and sky's infinities.

The blue sea wears a crown of flame,
The rosy clouds drink sapphire dew,
Till, melted into each, no name
Of human birth defines the hue.

And thus the mortal life, meseems,
At waning tides shall woven be
With life immortal—earth's best dreams
And heaven's fused in harmony,

Till only infinite wisdom knows
The word, beyond our speech's range,
To paint the mystic light that throws
Its veil of peace about the change.

SNOWDROPS.

O snowdrops, no not rise,
Because the happy eyes
That loved you once, now underneath you lie;
Let not your buds appear,
Each seems a frozen tear,
That never drops, and yet is never dry.

Such useless tears they seem
As in a heavy dream,
We pour about our griefs to make them grow;
When all the lights are pale,
And all the cruises fail,
And all the flowers are underneath the snow.

FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "WIFE IN NAME ONLY," "A BRIDE FROM THE SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Never did the fine old mansion of Ravensmere look fairer than in the leafy month of June. It made a picture that gladdened one's heart—the quaint gray towers covered with clinging ivy, the oriel windows with ivy growing so thickly round them, the square turrets, the quaint picturesque building that seemed to defy and yet to accord with all the rules of art. It rose, noble and lofty, a perfect picture of harmonious coloring. The Castle was situated in the loveliest part of Devonshire. The foliage that surrounded it was magnificent. The Ravensmere woods stretched out far and wide; antlered deer reclined in the shade of them. They were woods always full of music, where bluebells grew with the red foxglove and wild hyacinths, where starry primroses grew at the roots of the trees, and cowslips hid their sweet yellow heads—a home for the ferns—one of the loveliest of all the lovely nooks in England. On the other side of the Castle lay rich fertile lands, pleasure-gardens, a fine old orchard, a long-line of glass-houses, undulating corn-fields where the wheat was fast ripening, clover-fields where the cattle browsed in the sunshine, green lanes and meadows that led to the sea. During this June Ravensmere was looking its fairest; the trees were all in full leaf, the hedges were pink and white—for the hawthorn was at its best—the rich scent of the clover came over the land. The interior of the Castle was just as attractive. Covers and wrappers had been removed, and everything restored to its proper order, for the Earl and Countess were expected home with a large party of guests.

This home-coming had not been a source of great pleasure to Lady Caraven. All places were alike to her; the shadow of her unhappiness darkened them all. In London, notwithstanding the crowds, the balls, the dances, the opera, the *fêtes*, the admiration she had met with, she had been miserable. A noble and loving heart like hers could not be satisfied with such frivolities; she wanted the realities of life—a husband to love her, a husband to love. She had taken her part in the gay pageant, she had gone with the crowd, she had shone fairest at balls and parties, but all the time, all the long dreary time, she moaned to herself that her heart was empty, her life was vain. She was frightened too at finding that her dislike to her husband was increasing day by day; while she had been indifferent it had been easier to bear—it was even easier with the mocking shadow of a never-to-be-gained love. Now that she disliked him it was terribly hard. And she did dislike him. She shrank from the least touch of his hand. If, in passing near her, he touched even the hem of her dress, she drew it aside. She shrank from the sound of his voice. She never voluntarily entered a room if he was in it; she avoided meeting him when she could. She disliked him, and she trembled with fear at the thought.

Going back to Ravensmere gave her no particular pleasure. She knew that the Earl would take a whole troop of friends with him; besides which, she was rapidly losing all hope. In Paris she had hoped that their going to Ravensmere might bring them nearer together; at Ravensmere she had hoped that in London they might perhaps do better. Now no such delusion came to her. She knew that there was no hope—that she might as well be at any other place as at Ravensmere.

They had a pleasant journey home from London—pleasant so far as sunshine was concerned—but Sir Raoul, who travelled with the Earl and his wife, was pained at seeing the coolness between them. There was dislike on the part of the Countess, avoidance on the part of the Earl. He himself was the only one who talked or seemed at his ease. During the journey he tried once or twice to bring them to converse, but on Lady Hildred's face was the cold proud expression that he was beginning to know so well, and on the Earl's face he read the very intensity of impatience. It was of no use—so he allowed matters to take their course; the consequence was that husband and wife barely exchanged one word on the journey.

It was a lovely evening when they reached the Castle. The sun was shining full on the towers and turrets. Sir Raoul cried out in delight when he saw the place.

"This is just how I have seen it a hundred times in my dreams," he said. "There is no other spot in England one-half so fair."

"Upon my word," said the Earl, turning to him suddenly, "I wish that you had had it instead of me; you would make a thousand times better master."

And Sir Raoul could not help seeing that the young Countess turned to him with the same wish most plainly written on her face.

"You will be a better master yet than you have ever been," said Sir Raoul, touched at the unexpected humility of the words.

"No; I shall never improve," replied the Earl, with a short laugh. "We shall soon see the quiet of Ravensmere disturbed. Do you know that only three out of twenty declined my invitation? We shall have the prettiest woman in England here."

"Who may that be?" asked Sir Raoul.

"Do you not know Lady Belle Winstone—the lovely golden-haired young widow?"

Sir Raoul looked at the noble, beautiful face opposite to him; it could not have been colder and prouder.

"Lady Belle Winstone," he repeated. "I have never even heard the name before. I incline to the belief," he continued, with a bow to the Countess, "that we have the loveliest lady in the land at Ravensmere now."

"You are a courtier, Raoul," laughed the Earl. "*Chacun a son goût.* Do not commit yourself to any decided opinion until you have seen Lady Belle."

"My opinion has long been formed," replied Sir Raoul pleasantly. Whenever he advanced the cause of the neglected unloved wife, he did it with so much good humor that the Earl could not possibly take offence.

"Lady Belle," continued his lordship, "has had more admirers than any woman in England."

"Then I should say," replied Sir Raoul, "that she was a great coquette."

Lord Caraven laughed.

"She is indeed; but then her coquetry is so delightful that a man does not mind being made a victim just for once."

"Tastes differ," said Sir Raoul calmly. "A coquette would never please me."

Then the carriage stopped at the great entrance, and they were at home.

Remembering that after all he owed this house to the wife he did not love, Lord Caraven deigned to say a few kind words to her; he said that he had never seen so many roses at Ravensmere, and never such beautiful blooms. She did not even turn to look at the flowers he indicated, but passed on; the words he had spoken about Lady Belle rankled in her heart.

What mattered the bloom of the roses to her? He did not love her; she did not even like him; but she could not forget that he was her husband, and it was intolerable that any other woman should have all his admiration. With a gesture of haughty pride she swept into the house. Sir Raoul understood the action well.

It was not a very bright home-coming. Lady Caraven went to her room, and sent an excuse for not appearing at the dinner-table—she was tired from the journey; but Sir Raoul, who had grown to understand every thought, every look of hers, knew quite well that she had found the Earl's ardent praise of Lady Belle unendurable.

It was true. Hildred was asking herself how she could bear it. She did not love her husband, yet in some vague way she was jealous of him. She did not like him, but she was not prepared to see him offering even the light flattery of the hour to another woman.

Sir Raoul was more troubled that night than he had ever been before. He sat down to review the situation. If he was to do anything for this unhappy husband and wife, it must be done at once. It was a strange position, and to him there came no gleam of light—no inkling as to how he should avoid his difficulties—no knowledge of what would be best to be done.

He saw one thing very plainly. The present state of things could not last long. It was impossible to think calmly of such a life as Hildred's—always unhappy, always lonely. He remembered how with the saddest voice he had ever heard she had said to him one day—

"I never feel so entirely alone as when I am in a crowded Mayfair ball-room."

He understood why—this brave, noble soldier, to whom had been given the delicate instinct that reads a woman's heart. She missed the love that should have been hers. As time went on she would miss it still more—and then? What then?

Her noble womanly nature revolted against her fate. She disliked the husband who lost no opportunity of showing how little he loved her. This dislike, with one of her earnest nature, must deepen into hatred. What then? Sir Raoul saw that things must grow worse.

"If this coquette, this lovely Lady Belle, comes to Ravensmere and the Earl flirts with her, evil will ensue," he thought. What could he do?

If one had loved the other, matters would have been easier. But it was not so; there was nothing to which he could appeal—no love, no tenderness, on which he could build even the slightest foundation. It was the husband's fault that his beautiful young wife disliked him; he had been unkind, neglectful—he had hardened her heart against himself. The Earl visited on his girl-wife the wrong that he considered Arley Ransome had done him. The dislike and contempt he had for the father were vented on the daughter; although she was quite innocent, they fell on her. To him she was never his wife, Countess of Caraven, a lovely dark-haired girl. She was simply the money-lender's daughter.

Pride, coldness, indifference, neglect, dislike, contempt, all lay between them. How were these to be bridged over or vanquished? Added to all the rest was the dissipation, the want of purpose, the indolence, the self-indulgence that characterized Lord Caraven.

"I would rather be at the head of my regiment, facing some wild savage horde, than here with this struggle before me," thought Sir Raoul, almost despairingly.

For her sake he must do it. He loved her very dearly—not with a love in which was one iota of wrong; if she had been a fair young sister of his own, he could not have loved her better. He rendered her true and knightly service—he admired her beauty, her grace. He saw what her husband could not see—that a whole world of passion and tenderness lay hidden beneath the cold, calm pride. He cared more for her than for any one else living, but it was with a true and knightly love—a love that would fain have placed her where she ought to have been—in her husband's heart.

CHAPTER XXV.

Perhaps the distress that Sir Raoul Laurleston could not help feeling for the sorrows of his fair young kinswoman was too much for the weak shattered frame, or it may have been that the air of Ravensmere did not suit him. He was not well for many weeks after his arrival. He did not actually keep his room; the Earl, who was tender enough and anxious enough where his cousin was concerned, had ordered two of the largest, lightest, and most cheerful apartments in the Castle to be prepared for him, and Lady Caraven was only too anxious to arrange everything most luxuriously for him. No sitting-room in the house was so comfortable as his; the fairest and most fragrant of flowers were there, the richest and ripest of fruits. Thither all the magazines and periodicals of the day were taken, and there the beautiful young mistress of the Castle spent many hours that would otherwise have been most wearisome. She would take her drawing materials thither; and many charming pictures were sketched and painted in the Red Room, as Sir Raoul's sitting-room was called. She read all the new books to him; no poem or story seemed quite satisfactory to her until she had read it to him. She loved him very dearly; a loyal friendship existed between Lady Caraven and the noble soldier whose very bravery had spoiled his life. She never wearied of asking him to tell the story of his battles over again; she never tired of listening to this great and noble man who had never been heard to boast of a brave deed—who estimated himself in so lowly a fashion.

But it was a good, pure love, born of the tenderness and purity of her own heart—a love that made her a better woman. She had not reached that "intellectual point" when a woman, because she does not like her own husband, sees no harm in liking another man; she was as true and loyal a wife as though her husband loved her dearly. True, he did not like her; she knew that. But the idea that that could be any plea for a dishonorable love never entered her mind. She was his wife; that fact was unalterable. There might be coldness, dislike, neglect, but she remained his wife, and, as such, if even the thought of another love ever came to her—she would have shrunk from it in horror. It was this noble earnestness, this loyal integrity that made her life seem so hard to her. The love between the brave soldier and his young kinswoman was as pure and noble as they were themselves.

More than once, when she came to read to him, always bringing with her sweetest flowers and choicest fruits, he had noticed that her face was pale and her eyes heavy with weeping. Once, as she bent over him to show him the lovely bloom on a peach, he said to her:

"Hildred, do you spend the whole night in tears?"

"Sometimes," she replied; "but, Raoul, do not talk to me about it—I would rather speak on any other subject than myself."

He respected her wish.

The quiet of Ravensmere was indeed broken up—the house was filled with guests. Many of them were people whom Hildred did not like; but she was compelled to be agreeable to all. There were men of the same stamp as her husband, whose whole lives seemed to be passed at the billiard-table, who had no thought except for gambling and betting, whose lives were a round of self-indulgence, who had not a noble thought or idea.

Hildred knew that there were strange revels within the honored old walls. The party generally broke up about midnight—they were sometimes rather later when they had charades or dancing; but midnight was the usual hour. Then the ladies and the wiser and steadier of the gentlemen retired to their rooms. The others, with the Earl at the head of them, adjourned to the billiard-room. Long after morning dawned Hildred heard the click of the billiard-balls, and she knew that all was not right. Still she was powerless to interfere; if she had said but one word, her husband would have been passionately angry. She remembered the night in London when he had half suspected her of watching him. She would not interfere, and it was of no use telling Sir Raoul—he had enough to bear of physical pain. There was nothing for it but grim endurance.

She did not like some of the people whom the Earl had invited. If not rude; they were neglectful of her—seemed to know her position by instinct—seemed to guess that she was an unloved wife, that she had been married for her money, and had a title instead of love. She must endure it; but there were things she could not tolerate. This was one.

One morning she was quite alone in the Castle. The whole party had gone out riding and driving, some of them greatly disappointed at not having their beautiful young hostess with them; but she thought Sir Raoul looked worse that morning, so she would not leave him. She was busily engaged in reading to him, when a servant came to say that a poor woman was waiting to see her.

"I tried to send her away, your ladyship," said the man, "but she begged so hard that I had not the heart."

"Tried to send her away. Why did you do that?" asked Lady Caraven.

"I think she is one of the tenants, your ladyship; and his lordship gave orders that they should never be attended to here—they were to be sent to Mr. Blantyre. If I have done wrong, I am sorry for it."

"You have done right," she said; "no blessing ever comes to a house where the poor and the sorrowful are sent from the door."

Not even to a servant would she utter one word in disparagement of her husband; although she thought the order a cruel one.

The woman was waiting to see her in one of the ante-rooms. Lady Caraven's generous heart was touched as she looked at her, she was so thin, so worn, with a face so white and so sad, and great despairing eyes; her clothes were a thin, shabby dress and a still thinner and shabbier shawl. As the young Countess stood before her in all the pride of her youth and beauty, amid all the luxury of her surroundings, she felt, in some vague way, ashamed of the contrast.

"Did you want me?" she said, in a low gentle voice. "I am Lady Caraven. Did you wish to see me?"

The thin worn hands were clasped tightly. The woman hardly seemed to have the power of speech.

"Do not be afraid," said the young Countess; "tell me what you want."

"Oh my lady, my lady," was the cry that seemed to come from a breaking heart, "will you take pity on me?"

"I will indeed, if I can. If I can help you, I promise that I will. What is the matter? You must not fear to tell me. I can understand the sorrows of others and feel for them."

The woman looked up into the kindly, beautiful face.

"I hardly know how to tell you, my lady. It is not the Earl's fault. None of us blame him; he does not know it. It is all Mr. Blantyre's doing."

"But what is it?" she asked gently. "You forget that I do not know."

"My lady, it is this. My husband—a fine, strong, handsome young man—was killed here in the woods two years ago; he was a keeper; and there was a fight with the poacher—my husband, John Woodruff, was killed. He was a fine handsome young man, my lady, and we had three little children. I was fetched to him after he was hurt. He had been struck with the butt-end of a gun, and the doctor said that the moment he was moved he would die. So his companions fetched me to him, my lady—me with my three little children; and we saw him, in the early dawn of the morning, lying in the clover dying—dying my lady—the dear lad who had never given me an angry word. We knelt down beside him, and he tried to raise his head to look at the children for the last time; but he could not them—his eyes were dim, he groped with his hand, as though he was in darkness. He neither saw them or me, but he knew that I was there."

"'Ellen,' he said—and even in dying the words sounded quite clear—'Ellen, you have been a good wife to me. I am losing my life for a few birds of my lord's; but he will see to you. The Earl will see to you—he will never let you want.' And all the men standing round him said—

"'That is right enough; the Earl will never let you want.'"

"But, my lady, it was the keepers who buried my husband—I think the Earl forgot him. We lived then in a little cottage, —one belonging to the Earl; and, my lady, since my husband's death I have lived there—I do not know why—rent-free. Living there has been my livelihood. I have had no rent to pay; and every week I have earned a few shillings by taking in washing for the people at Court Raven. Some weeks I have made five shillings—sometimes more. People like to send their things to me—I dry them on a hedge, my lady, near the trees, and they say the sweet smell of the firs hangs about them."

"Go on," said the young Countess, gently. "I am deeply interested."

"So, my lady, the little cottage has, after a fashion, kept me and my children. But now a paper has come to say that henceforth we must pay rent—four-and-sixpence each week—for the place; and, my lady, if I pay it, I shall not be able to buy bread for my children to eat."

"But you shall not pay it," said the young Countess.

"Oh, my lady, Heaven bless you! If you would but speak to the Earl for me! He is young, and he does not think—he does not know. If you would but speak to him for me!"

Speak to her husband! Hildred had not thought of that—had not meant that. The woman went on:

"I have been to Mr. Blantyre, my lady, but he refused to hear me. He said I must pay the rent or go. Where can I go? My husband took me home to the cottage, and my little children were born there. Where can I go? What can I do? It seems hard, my lady. My poor husband died to keep a few birds alive—birds that my lord and his friends shot afterwards—and now I must leave the home I love for my dear lad's sake. It is a hard world for the poor, my lady—hard and cold and cruel."

"There is another, better and brighter," said the young Countess.

"Yes, my lady—I know it; but it seems hard to wait for that, hard to wait while the children are crying for bread, and there is no coal for the fire."

"I promise to help you," said Lady Caraven. "I will speak to the Earl, my husband; he will let you stay without paying rent."

"I know he will—if he understands; but, my lady, Mr. Blantyre does as he likes with the poor, and the Earl knows nothing about it. What could four shillings and sixpence a week matter to the Earl? And my husband died to save his birds."

"I will do all I can," said the Countess; "come and see me again in three days' time from now."

And Lady Caraven placed in the thin hand that which made the widow's heart beat fast for joy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RIDING IN A DOG SLEDGE.—The sensation produced by the canoe-like motion of the dog-sledge used by the natives in and about Manitoba, British America, may be likened to that gained by sitting on a thin board dragged quickly over a badly macadamized road. In driving a train, the beating and cursing are incessant, especially in starting. One hears a hoarse voice calling out, "Brandy, marche! Whisky, marche!" immediately followed by deep-toned yells from the cowering dogs. Then comes a fearful thrashing and pounding, and the poor brutes move off howling. After a train of dogs has become worn out toward the end of a long day's journey, the drivers often accelerate their speed by an operation known as "sending a dog to Rome." This consists of striking him on the head with a large stick until he falls senseless to the ground. After a little he revives, and with the memory of the awful blows that took his consciousness away, full upon him, he pulls frantically at his load. Ofttimes a dog is sent to Rome because he will not allow the driver to arrange some hitch in his harness; then, while he is insensible, the necessary alteration is made, and on the animal's recovery he receives a terrible lash of the whip to set him going again. Generally, the wretched Whisky or Brandy, after his voyage to the Eternal City, continues to stagger along the trail, making feeble efforts to keep straight.

COST OF LIVING TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO.—Barber's "History of New England," ed. 1841, p. 175, says: The expense of each planter to provide himself was quite small, if we may judge from an estimate furnished by Mr. Jocelyn for the information of proposed emigrants. "Victuals to last one man a year: eight bushels of meal, £2; two bushels of peas, 6s.; two bushels of oatmeal, 9s.; one gallon of brandy, 2s. 6d.; one gallon of oil, 3s. 6d.; two gallons of vinegar, 6s.; total, £3. 8s., equal to fourteen dollars." Who has the courage to talk about economy after such an exhibit of the cash cost to live 250 years ago? Not a word said about tea, coffee, sugar, molasses, flour, butter, pork, beef, fish, milk, beans and tobacco, without which last many people couldn't live a week—at least they think so. Is there a criminal in the land, or on the globe, kept on the above spare diet? The brandy must have been a very modest article at fifty-six cents a gallon; one dram a week, and the same of oil. It is a curious scrap of history and a sample of very intense economy.

CRIME IN RUSSIA.—The plan inaugurated by Peter the Great in Russia has been followed by all his successors. Crime in Russia is rarely punished with death; many offences which in other countries would demand the execution of the offender, are there followed by exile to Siberia. As Russia is but thinly inhabited, her rulers are greatly averse to taking the lives of their subjects; the transfer of an individual from one part of the empire to another is a satisfactory mode of punishment, and gladly practised in a country that has no population to spare. Siberia, with its immense area, has barely four millions of inhabitants, and consequently possesses abundant room for all those who offend against Russian laws. Criminals of various grades become dwellers in Siberia, and very often make excellent citizens; then there are political offenders, banished for disturbing the peace and dignity of the state, or loving other forms of government better than the Emperor's.

A QUEER CUSTOM.—In some parts of the Fiji Islands it is usual for the father not to speak to his son after his fifteenth year.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

IT is far easier to see small faults than large virtues.

NEVER think any matter so trifling as not to deserve notice.

BE severe to yourself, and indulgent to others; you thus avoid all resentment.

OUR happiness in this world depends on the affections we are enabled to inspire.

THIS is a hard world. Every rose has its thorn, but not one thorn in a hundred has its rose.

HONESTY without sharpness is like a sword without edge or point—very well for show, but of no use to the owner.

WHETHER discretion or not is "the better part of valor," it is most certain that diffidence is the better part of knowledge.

NOTHING does so fool a man as extreme passion. This doth make them fools, which otherwise are not, and show them to be fools which are so.

DON'T live a single hour in your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end.

THE essence of true nobility is neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass in, and the beauty of a great action is gone, like the bloom of a soiled flower.

DUTY, though set about by thorns, may still be made a staff, supporting even while it tortures. Cast it away, and like the prophet's wand, it changes to a snake.

PEOPLE are commonly so employed in pointing out faults in those before them as to forget that some one behind may at the same time be descanting on their own.

A MAN'S charity to those who differ from him upon great and difficult questions, will be in the ratio of his own knowledge of them. The more knowledge, the more charity.

WHEN the flowers are full of heaven-descended dews they always hang their heads; but men hold theirs the higher the more of the world they receive, getting proud as they get full.

A GOLDEN rule for a young lady is to converse always with your female friends as though a gentleman were of the party, and with young men as if your female friends were present.

IT is not worth while to think too much about being good. Doing the best we know minute by minute, and hour by hour, we insensibly grow to goodness, as fruit grows to ripeness.

HAVE courage to review your own conduct, to condemn it when you detect faults, to amend it to the best of your ability, to make good resolves for future guidance, and to keep them.

IF you would be exempt from uneasiness, do nothing which you know and suspect is wrong; and if you wish to enjoy the purest pleasure, always do everything in your power which you know is right.

FEMININITIES.

The Princess of Wales is thirty-three.

The song of the widow—"What is home without another."

No matter how ugly a woman out in Nevada is, the juries acquit her.

Marriage must be favorable to longevity; an old maid never lives to be more than thirty.

The great advantage about a lean wife is, that you don't have to call in a carpenter every time she falls down stairs.

Beauty has its privileges; a woman who has plainness of face must not expect to be indulged in the luxury of plainness of speech.

Young ladies in Rome, N. Y., will petition Congress to pass an enabling act, to enable the old folks to go to bed at nine o'clock Sunday evening.

At Swedish funerals a small hand-glass is put into the coffin of a woman, in order that she may take a last look at herself when the trumpet sounds.

A Nevada man, who had seven homely daughters, got a paper to hint that he had seven kegs filled with gold in his cellar, and every girl was married inside of five months.

He gave her a hearty smack. "Don't kiss like that," she said. "I want a sweet, tender pressure when I'm kissed. I don't want any fireworks." He left out the explosion in the next act.

A base, ignoble brute says that when he sees a woman neither fat nor fair, but 40, with a cardinal-red plume on her hat, it suggests to him a life and death struggle between nature and art, with art on top by a large majority.

A girl tried to commit suicide in Augusta, Ga., by jumping from a bridge. She was caught and held by a man, who was compelled to use considerable force to restrain her. Afterward she had him arrested on a charge of assault.

A clergyman in Madisonville, Ky., was annoyed, while preaching, by giggling girls. He reproved them sharply, and said that they were "outrageously wicked." That offended the girls' parents, and about half the members of the church have withdrawn.

Out at Austin, Nevada, a young man asked his lady love if she would accompany him to an old folks' concert. She flared up at the idea of his calling her "old folks," and now he says he would rather be a widower than marry a woman so "touchy" about her age.

At a Dubuque wedding, the other day, among the wedding presents ostentatiously displayed was a $100 bill, a present from the doting father to his darling daughter. After the guests had departed the old man coolly rolled up the bill and put it in his vest pocket, and that was the end of it.

A MODEL FOR SPEAKERS.—*A propos* of the meetings at Exeter Hall, Eng. which lately began, a writer in *Mayfair* says: "Here is a splended model for speakers who have very little to say, at gatherings where they boast a bishop or two, as most of there meetings do—I heard the speech myself, now several years ago:—'My lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, and you, my lord Bishop of Bath and Wells, and you, my lord Bishop of Sodor and Man, I have much pleasure in supporting the resolution which you, my lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, proposed, and you, my lord Bishop of Bath and Wells, seconded. My lords, I had the honor, a year or two ago of breakfasting with my friend the lord Bishop of Gibraltar, and, my lords, I asked his lordship, in the confidence of private friendship, what he thought of this society. And what, my lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, and you, my lord Bishop of Bath and Wells, and you, my lord Bishop of Sodor and Man, do you think his lordship's answer was? He said, my lords, "I think it a very good society." And so, my lords, do I.' And the speaker sat down."

FACETIÆ

—Hop-brewers—Dancing masters.

—"Pound parties"—Prize fighters.

—A pair of tights—Two drunken men.

—"Opening the services"—Starting to work.

—The man who "swore off," continues to swear on the same as ever.

—One of the easiest ways to "take cold" is to steal somebody's ice.

—The difference between a dandy and a steer is that while one is dressed to kill, the other is killed to dress.

—A man who has just had to rig his wife up in a $100 seal-skin cloak, charges it all to the rig-her of the climate.

—A fashion item says that "seal-skin sacques are much worn." It might have been added that in many cases they are worn out.

—When a tailor observes a man of bad habits coming into his shop, he can generally see at a glance what he's after, and takes his measures accordingly.

—One modest young man will breathe easier when some ingenious chap invents a turkey-carving contrivance that works with a crank, like an apple-parer.

—"That's all in my eye," as a sage remark, originated with the man who was conscious of the mote in his own visual orb as well as the beam in his neighbor's.

—One of our railroad magnates was formerly an extensive dairyman, so that he can justly attribute his tendency to "watering its stock" now, to the effect of early habits.

—Rink skating is becoming one of our fashionable festivities, and there is already a perceptible increase in the healthy appearance of our foot-doctors and surgeons in consequence.

—A person may justly have an exalted opinion of a woman's merits and capabilities, but it is impossible for it not to suffer a diminution after seeing her trying to sharpen a lead pencil.

—Charity is a noble feeling, and it does us all infinite credit that when we read of Greenland having no cats, we feel like wishing we could catch and send them every one in our entire neighborhood.

—In consequence of several accidents, now in kissing a girl, it has become customary for the gentlemen to grade the lip pressure according to the weight of his suspicions that the girl wears false teeth.

—A lassie wrote to a young man she had taken a fancy to, "Come and meet me in the gloaming, John," and when the time came John wasn't there. He subsequently explained that he couldn't find such a place.

—One of the hardest mental struggles the Italian immigrant to Boston has to undergo is to give up his transcendental maccaroni for the customary beans, or suffer exclusion from the best society as a penalty.

—That a good thing may be done too often is of the truest. Many a Benedict who proposed once and was rejected, remembers with no extraordinary enthusiasm that he proposed a second time and was accepted.

—The railroad interest has contributed greatly to the development of this country, but there is not a man in the business, from President down, who will not say that a railroad track is a bad place to sleep off a drunk.

—Philadelphia is properly called the "City of Homes," and as all our young men are desirous of having a good home, that is very likely the reason why there are so many sample rooms open for inspection on our best streets.

—People who do not read much themselves, often wonder why it is that all the bank presidents of their acquaintance show such an interest in perusing the ship intelligence, and the future dates of the sailing of outward bound vessels.

—There are many married men of extensive experience that naturally express great surprise at most of the prominent persons who claim that Hades does not exist, being wedded themselves. They think they ought to know better.

—One day in the ark, Mrs. Noah caught her eldest son at the sugar-bowl, and gave him such a whaling that he never again touched the cup-board without previously asking permission. This is the first case of "sugar cured Ham" on record.

—In all the poems written upon "Beautiful Snow," notwithstanding the natural requirements and exigencies of the subject and rhyme, there cannot be found a single poetic reference to or idealization of the glorious snow shovel or the patient pavement.

—Men generally are only too willing to admit the gentle refining influence of women on society, but that wife has fallen into a serious error who believes she can best communicate this advantage through the medium of a stove plate or pitcher thrown at her husband.

—Some poets may well claim to be inspired. Goethe says: "Change amuses the mind yet scarcely profits." What a depth and force of observation is here! Yet not in change alone resides this peculiarity. Precisely the same thing is characteristic of large money as well as small.

—Science has accomplished many victories, but her destiny is unachieved until she invents a vest pattern for young men that will permit a lady in moments of insupportable fatigue, to rest her head upon it without absorbing too much bear's grease or excessively disarranging her hair.

—The boy who walks on a cat's tail, and in trying to get off steps on its head, has pictured before him that day in the future when, as a man, he will tread on a woman's trail, and in striving to mend matters, smash one of her pet corns, getting in exchange a look he remembers to his dying day.

—Ancient writers properly honor Phidias as one of the best sculptors, for his great gold-and-ivory carved statue of the Olympian Jove, but this work would have seemed child's play to him, if while a young man, he had been unexpectedly called upon to carve a Christmas turkey in the presence of a dozen pretty girls.

—A dumb tramp made signs to a feeling but thoughtful down-town woman lately that he was starving, and she motioned him to wait till she returned. The man expectantly began to limber his jaws by a little preliminary practice, but when the lady came back with an axe and pointed to the woodshed, the horrible spectre so terrified him that he regained his speech and the street at the same time. He never saw such a thing.

DON'T IRRITATE YOUR LUNGS WITH A STUBBORN COUGH, when Dr. Jayne's Expectorant can be so readily procured. Sore Throats and Lungs are speedily helped by it.

IN THE NIGHT.

BY S. L. C.

Oh! come to me, my Savior,
O'er life's tumultuous sea,
Thou who didst tread the billows
Of storm-tossed Galilee.

Thou who didst calm the surges,
Bidding the winds "be still,"
And quelled the tempest's fury
By Thy resistless will.

Speak to my heart, I pray Thee,
Whisper, "be not afraid,"
I'll tread the path undoubting
Which Thou, dear Lord, hast made.

Though faith and hope may falter,
As 'neath some cross I lie,
I never will deny Thee,
E'en though with Thee I die.

One tender look shall bring me
Repentant to Thy feet,
With bitter tears that ever
I wounded love so sweet,

"Thou knowest that I love Thee,"
But ah! my heart is cold;
And heedless oft I wander
Far from my Shepherd's fold.

Temptation's paths affright me,
Suffer me not to slide!
In Thee alone is safety,
Oh, Christ! with me abide!

Then, when at Jordan's river
I stand upon the shore,
And hear the angel voices
Of dear ones "gone before,"

Thy loving arms beneath me,
Fearless I'll cross the waves—
Upon my forehead graven
The name of Him who saves.

Up to the golden city,
Within the pearly gate,
Where the bright throng of seraphs—
And Christ Himself, doth wait.

I'll rest in glory ever,
With Thy own chosen Bride,
And waking in Thy likeness,
I shall be satisfied.

HARD TIMES,

Or the Diamond Cross.

BY MRS. MOORE.

CHAPTER IV.—[CONTINUED.]

In that long, long conversation that followed, Ralph Eaton came off the victor. All Mrs. Merton's arguments were combatted and answered so satisfactorily, that she could not but consent, and the day of Mary's marriage was decided upon for Carrie's also.

The time soon came round.

The preceding evening, Carrie proposed that Ralph should accompany her to the Paxwells; as she thought her secret had been kept long enough. He willingly consented.

"I have a cross, that I would like to take Mary as a bridal present;" said Carrie, drawing from her pocket the box in which she had enclosed it. Have you any objections?"

"Objections! my stars! what does the child mean?"

Carrie blushed, and looked very much embarrassed. She hesitated and stammered, and finally said, "I mean—that is—you know I shall have no dowry, and I—"

"Dowry! why you have the dowry of a princess. Look here;" and he led her up to the tall pier mirror. "Is this fair casket, and the jewel it contains, no dowry to bring me? All that I have, and all that I am, is no price to pay for it. And if you must come down to matter-of-fact arrangements, look around you. Is there not everything here to suit the most fastidious taste? and is it not all yours? Never let me hear you recur to such a subject. I shall be a prouder and a happier man in calling you my wife, than I should be if I owned the Indies."

Carrie gave him a grateful, loving look.

"It is settled, then. I will take it to her," she said. "If you are ready, we will go now."

"Wait a little. Do you remember that morning, when so unintentionally, my confession of love escaped me?—do you remember that I told you then, that I had a secret of years to disclose to you? I want you to listen to it now; for humiliating as it is to recur to it; I should not feel it was right for me to marry you, while you were a stranger to that episode in my life."

"Indeed I am satisfied not to know it. I would rather that you did not tell me," said Carrie, clinging to his arm as she spoke.

"But I must; to relieve my own conscience," he answered. "I told you I had been a wild boy. It was so. Too willingly led astray by bad company, I contracted debts, which my father refused to pay, and which I considered dishonorable to leave unpaid. I became the dupe and tool of the villian who had given me my first lesson in iniquity; and one day, inflamed by wine, and maddened by his taunts, I forged a heavy check upon my employer. It was discovered, and I fled. Since that day, my hand has neither touched the cards nor the wine cup. Carrie; you must love me still, for bitter has been my punishment. I stand alone in the world—orphaned by that rash act. Can you trust me?"

"Now as ever," she answered—a smile, beaming with confidence and tenderness, irradiating her lovely face. "And we will have a compact between us," she added. "I am never to allude to my deficiencies 'in wordly gear,' nor you to this unhappy circumstance of your earlier years. Shall it be so?"

"It shall; and I will seal the compact;" he said, playfully stretching out his arm to imprison her.

She eluded him, and laughed back at him, went out into the hall, and prepared herself for their walk.

Mrs. Paxwell, Mr. Houston, Mary and her mother, were all in the little back parlor, when Carrie and her lover entered. In the awkwardness of their unexpected visit, and the bustle attendant upon the introduction, Ralph's name was lost to the company. Mr. Houston called him Mr. Wheaton, and commented upon the cold weather. Carrie drew her chair up to Mary, and in a half whisper, told of her own plans for the morning, cautioning her to say nothing about it until after she had gone. Mrs. Paxwell and Mr. Eaton consulted together as to the expediency of lighting one of the burners of the chandelier, the drop light having a shade on. It was decided that it should be lighted; and Mrs. Paxwell provided herself with a taper, prepared to light it.

"Allow me;" said Ralph, who sat near, and despite the protestations of Mrs. Paxwell that she would not trouble him, he insisted upon it and carried his point.

The light flashed down upon his face, and Mrs. Eaton who had been sitting quietly in the corner, started forward and strained her eyes to catch a better glimpse.

At the same moment Ralph observed her face for the first time. His heart gave one thick, muffled throb, and springing forward, they were clasped in each other's arms.

"My mother!"

"My boy!" were the only ejaculations that escaped them.

The rest looked on in amazement; only Mary, who flung her arms around Carrie, saying, "Have you done this? have you brought my brother back to us again?"

"I did not know it, if I did. I am sure I don't know how. Isn't your last name Paxwell?" said Carrie, confusedly "I am sure, I saw it on the door."

But Mary did not answer. She was waiting too impatiently the moment when her mother should release Ralph.

Mrs. Eaton did not seem at all disposed so to do. She clung to him, weeping and sobbing as if she had been going to lose him forever, instead of having just recovered him.

Mary was not going to be put off any longer, and laying her hand on his shoulder, said,

"Dear Ralph, haven't you a word for your sister?"

One arm of each, surrounded her; and Ralph, whose eyes were wet with tears, gave her a fond, brotherly greeting.

They did not seperate early that night. There was too much to be talked over, too many things to be explained. A servant was despatched to inform Mrs. Merton of the news, that she might not be alarmed at their protracted absence. After everything had been discussed; and Mary had kissed Carrie innumerable times, after the diamond cross had been given, and its history recounted, they fell to talking of how strangely the whole chain of events had been interwoven—link after link.

"I only wish," said Carrie, "that that dear little Emmie Hardy would turn out a fairy, and change her mother into a toad. Wouldn't that be delightful? I would be quite satisfied then."

"Well, I must say that your wishes coincide with mine, irrational as they are." answered Mark Houston. "I do not think I am unusually revengeful; but I would like to see that woman begging for her bread. It would be but a righteous retribution."

"I don't wish to," said Mary. "The worst wish that I have for her, is that I could get that poor little Emmie away. She'll kill her, some time, poor little thing!"

"Didn't you tell me that your sister's first name was Anna?" interrupted Carrie, looking up in Ralph's face.

"Yes, I did. How came you to change your name? It has sounded so oddly to hear you called Mary the whole evening."

"Why, I will tell you, Ralph," said his mother. "You know that she was named Mary Anna; but as my name was Mary, I preferred that she should be called Anna. When we became reduced so low as to take a room of Mrs Hardy, I took my maiden name, Langford, and called Anna by her first name."

"That was not wise, mother. I might have missed you entirely. That accounts now for my losing your track so suddenly. I traced you to a boarding house, when I ascertained that you were sewing for the depository, and Anna teaching school."

"Please call me Mary. It is mother's name, and I like it better. And as for it not being wise, Ralph, to change our names, I suppose it was not very; but if you had seen what a miserable old court we had to go into, you would have known that we could not have wished to have published who we were. And as for you, we had dug your grave, and buried you so many times, that we never dreamed of a resurrection."

Ralph took his watch out. It was twelve o'clock.

"It is midnight," he said, "and after the approved manner of ghosts, from time immemorial, I must vanish. Come, little wife, bundle on your things. Don't blush so; I am only anticipating a few hours hence."

Mrs. Eaton could hardly let Ralph go; but the parting all around was finally accomplished.

"On the 1st instant at St. Peter's Church, by the Rev. Francis Blank, Mark Houston, Esq., to Mary Anna Eaton, only daughter of the late Ralph Eaton.

"At the same place and time, Ralph Eaton, Jr., to Caroline Merton, only child of the late Arthur Merton, Esq."

It was wonderful how the memories of the readers of that paper were refreshed that night.

Mrs Merton found suddenly that many of her dear five hundred friends had only been prevented from calling by the fear of intruding upon her grief; but they found it impossible not to congratulate her upon her daughter's brilliant marriage; for the fame of Ralph Eaton's California fortune had spread far and wide.

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Mark Houston was standing at her parlor window. Thick and fast the snow was falling; not in large, soft flakes, but sifting down in minute, glittering grains. The wind drifted it here and there; now and then blowing it in clouds in the faces of the few pedestrians, whom business or extreme want had driven abroad.

A woman struggling along upon the opposite side attracted Mary's attention. Up and down the marble steps, ringing bell after bell, and each time the door slammed in her face before she had an opportunity to make her appeal. Too fresh in Mary's heart was the remembrance of her own destitution, to allow her to look on unmoved. She was on the point of raising the window, to beckon her across, when, attracted by the superior elegance of the house, the woman stopped and stood intently looking up at the windows, where, behind the polished plate glass, fell hangings of wondrous beauty.

The street was almost blockaded by the snow, yet the woman made her way across, the gusts of wind blowing aside her cloak, and revealing her scanty habiliments. The deep black hood she wore almost concealed her face, yet Mary saw enough to send the blood to hers in a torrent. She did not hasten to the door, as it had been her first impulse to do, but took her station by the door that was ajar, which opened into the broad hall, and listened eagerly.

She heard the cook grumbling along, because the servant was out, whose office it was to wait upon the door. Next she heard a voice, so humble in its tone that she scarcely identified it as that of the person whom she had imagined it to be.

"Don't shut the door in my face; it's only a little I'd trouble you for; just the cold victuals you'd throw in the swill would save me from starving, and mebbe some day you'd get your reward in a husband that would be able to make a living for you."

"O bother take you! I'm able to keep myself, thank God, and I don't want no man around to pester me. Come in out of the snow a bit. I think I can scrape up a little something. Here, stamp your feet, and let me brush the snow off your cloak"

"God bless and reward you. Oh dear!" with a long sigh, "you don't know anything about hard times in this house."

"I should think not; we have just the easiest times in the world; but they do say that the poor people find it desperate hard to keep body and soul together this winter. I never used to think nothing of sending the beggars away, but Mrs. Houston won't let me now. There, that'll do; you can come along."

Mary opened wider the door. Her voice was a little low and tremulous, as she said:

"My good woman, you can come in here a moment. I want to ask a little about your family, and see if you are really deserving of assistance."

"Go in," said the cook. "That's Mrs. Houston that wants to see you."

The woman entered and looked around the rooms, dazzled and bewildered, and then dropped her eyes. She had never been in such apartments before.

"Are you a widow?" said Mary, affecting to busy herself with her pencil and tablet.

The woman drew a long sigh.

"No ma'm; but I'm worse off than if I was a widder. My husband was taken with the delerious tremblings—doctor calls it—hard onto two months ago; and it's been nothing but trouble, trouble ever since. My oldest daughter was a getting first-rate wages in the factory, but the times got so hard they had to stop off some of the looms, and so she lost her place. And then ma'am, to make it worse, my two boys came home onto me, that had been agetting their board—two fine boys, ma'am, hearty and strong, and willing to work; but they've walked from morning till night, and can't get none. My youngest child never was of no account—she was always a hindrance to me; but I didn't feel it so much until now—with not a cent coming in. Indeed ma'am, the times is very hard, or I shouldn't be here a begging. It's what I never expected to come to." She put her apron up to her face, apparently overcome by her emotion. Mary looked up and drew a long breath. It was such a relief to know that the woman's eyes were not upon her.

"But you have a comfortable house to live in, I suppose."

"As comfortable as we can make it ma'am, with only cinders and what little stuff the boys can get to burn; but there's no knowing how long we shall have it, for we are back in our rent, and the landlord's been after it twice. If he should turn us out, I don't know where on earth we should go to."

Mary thought that the woman must hear her heart beat—it seemed to her so audible, but she braced herself up to say:

"The alms-house, you know."

"O mercy, no ma'am. I'd die in the street first. You don't know all that goes on there. No! no! I'd rather bury all my children than live to see one of them in the alms-house," she answered, looking Mary straight in the face for the first time. She started back—then glancing around the room, and reassuring herself by the surroundings, she said:

"Be you Mrs. Houston, ma'am?"

"I am," answered Mary, coldly and haughtily.

"Well, ma'am, I thought you were; but you're the very picture of a—a lady I used to know; only your plumper and rosier, and a good bit younger. Poor soul! I could sleep better of nights if I only knew what had become of them:" and the woman heaved a sigh that was seemingly heartfelt.

"Them," said Mary, and her voice had grown soft and natural again—"there were two that looked like me, were there? But never mind them now. Come out into the kitchen, and we will see what cook has found for you. What shall I call you?"

"Jane Hardy; that's my name, ma'am; and I ain't no beggar. If you had some sewing to give out, my daughter could do it for you. My eyes have failed me wonderful, since my troubles came on; and I can't do much myself, but she's pretty handy with her needle. I could wash, and such like."

"Well, we will see what can be done," answered Mary cheerfully; and, bustling about, she gathered together packages and provisions sufficient to fill Mrs. Hardy's large basket, which had contained before only a few cold, unpeeled potatoes, rolling over the bottom.

Then, drawing her purse, she said:

"How much rent are you owing, Jane?"

"Oh ma'am, you've done too much for me already. Indeed I didn't come to beg for money. I couldn't take it unless you'd have some work for me;" and Mrs. Hardy, really touched, sobbed outright.

Mary slipped an eagle into her hand.

She tried to answer, but her sobs prevented her utterance. The tears she shed were a sweeter offering to Mary than any protestations of thankfulness could have been, for they were proofs that the hard times had softened Jane Hardy's heart.

"To-morrow," said Mary, "if you will bring Emmie with you I will show her to Mr. Houston, and if he likes, we will keep her and do well by her."

Jane dropped on her knees.

"Oh, Miss Mary," she sobbed, "*I know it's you now—I know it is.* If you'd stuck a knife into me it wouldn't have hurt me *as* much as your kindness does. That man that the Merton's sent was right when he said I was a wretch. Many times I've thought of it. I was one—God forgive me."

"And God will forgive you, Mrs. Hardy, if you sincerely desire his forgiveness. Do not kneel to me. I forgave you the first instant that I found you had repented, and God is more ready to forgive than ever mortal man can be."

Jane Hardy went out of that house even more humble than when she entered it. The lesson that she learned that day was one that she could never forget.

After she had gone Mary went to the library, where her husband and mother were sitting.

"Mark," said she, her eyes beaming with a light which he might have known was of no unholy spirit. "Mark, you have had your wish. Mrs. Hardy has just been here begging bread."

"Capital!" he said. "I am glad of it. Did she see you?"

"Yes"

"And know you?"

"I think not at first, but I betrayed myself in my interest for that protege of mine that I told you about. She had suspected me though; only my checks were so much fuller, and not so pale, that it puzzled her, I suppose."

"Well, you didn't give her a cent, of course."

"Why Mark! *of course I did.* She was in the greatest distress. Everything seems to have gone wrong with her, since—since—"

"Since she turned you out into the street. It serves her right. And you gave her something. I would have seen her starve first."

"Oh no, Mark! you know you would not."

"I know I would—as sure as my name is Mark Houston. What did you give her?"

"Some of the marketing that came here this morning, and some tea and sugar, and rice, and—and ten dollars."

"Ten dollars!" exclaimed Mrs. Eaton. "Ten dollars! Why, Mary, that's dreadful."

Mark took up a newspaper and read:

"Messrs. Jones & Smith have suspended. Their liabilities are about a million, while their assets are not over five hundred thousand.

"Stocks continue heavy, and money in pressing demand."

"No wonder that men are failing for large amounts every day. It is their wives that ruin them—I suppose my turn will come next, now that I have such an extravagant one."

Mary could not see his face for the newspaper, but she knew his fondness for teazing; and, going up to him she laid one hand on his shoulder, and, looking into his face, said:

"You are not in earnest, Mark, are you? Ten dollars is a great deal for me to give away, I know; but she was in *such* distress. You are not angry with me, dear Mark, are you?"

"Angry! no—bless your bright face; I love you all the better for it; but *I* couldn't have done it. I would sooner have burned ten times ten. Don't give me up, though, if I can't forgive my enemies quite as readily as you do. Perhaps I shall improve with your example before me. Ah, Mary, they call these hard times, and so they are; but to me it is the happiest time that my life has ever known; but this must not make me forget those to whom the hard times have brought suffering and privation. That protege of yours—don't you want to bring her home, and try to make something out of her?"

"Oh, Mark, dear Mark! it is the very thing I wanted to ask. Thank you thank you a thousand times."

Mrs. Eaton opposed the plan, but the majority decided against her; and, in the course of time, little Emmie became an inmate of Mr. Houston's mansion—a very heaven to her; and so her dream was accomplished.

Mark Houston, despite his apparently unforgiving disposition, did not let the Hardy family suffer. He found situations for the boys, and provided for the others everything they were unable to procure, for the satisfying of their most pressing wants.

Mrs. Ralph Eaton, Jr., was quite as well satisfied with the *denouement* as if her own suggestion had been followed out, for Mary's wand had proved more effectual than a Cinderella's.

[THE END.]

* * *

A WILY WHISPERER.—An exchange says: An amusing incident occurred in a church near Sellersville, Bucks county, Penna., recently. The minister was preaching in German, and delivering a very interesting discourse, when he was disturbed by two men whispering in the gallery. Finally he stopped and suggested to them that if they wished to talk he would cease, and allow them to say what they wished, but that their whispering annoyed him. One of them had presence of mind, and arose and informed the preacher that his friend could not understand a word of German, and that if he did not translate it to him, he would lose all the valuable discourse. This completely took the wind out of the sails of the minister. Though it was pretty certain that the two men were talking about something else, the assurance of the whisperer brought him out first best.

* * *

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

MOROCCO LEATHER.—The lustre of morocco leather is restored by varnishing with white of egg.

THE HUMAN FRAME.—The bones of every adult person require to be fed with lime enough to make a mantel every eight months.

FURNITURE POLISH.—A good and simple furniture polish consists of a little Castile soap scraped into a pint of warm water. Add three tablespoonfuls of sweet oil; heat and apply while hot.

PAPER CHIMNEYS.—A paper chimney has been constructed for a factory at Breslau, Long Island. It is rendered fire-proof and impervious to water by a chemical operation. It works satisfactorily.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SPECIMENS.—Entomological specimens may be instantly, and easily, killed by dropping a bit of chloroform on the insect's head. No fluttering nor relaxation of the muscles is perceptible.

THE AGE OF STEEL.—It is predicted in England that the close of the age of iron draws on apace, and that steel is destined eventually to take its place. On this account energies are directed towards devising a way to produce steel from the puddling furnace by a direct process.

PASTE JEWELS.—The basis of the paste now used is strass, a substance artificially compounded of litharge, white sand, and a small quantity of potash. This is the brilliant white paste from which diamonds are imitated. For the colored stones various additions are made to the white strass. Thus, for sapphires, oxide of cobalt is added; for emeralds, the oxides of chrome and copper.

HOUSES AND CONTAGION.—Dr. Cameron, of Dublin, in a recent address to the members of the Royal College of Surgeons of Ireland, on the pathology of contagion, drew attention to the manner in which fires on the ground floors of buildings attracted foul and infected air. He urged the necessity of having every house provided with an impervious foundation, and he thought a mixture of asphalt and sand better for that purpose than concrete.

ENGRAVINGS AND CUTLERY.—Frosted engravings are produced on cutlery, swords, etc., by etching the polished surface with acid. The articles are first heated, then a thin coat of beeswax is melted over their surface, and when this cools the design is scratched through the wax by a needle; the acid is then poured on the design. Muriatic acid answers very well for etching. When the etching is complete, clean cold water and chamois leather are used to polish it.

GLASS FROM SLAG.—At a recent meeting of an English scientific society, some specimens of slag in a fibrous form were submitted for examination, and now it is announced that a company is about to engage in the manufacture of glass from slag, on an extensive scale, to include the usual variety of such articles, and some in especial. The slag is taken as issuing from the blast furnaces, conducted into a tank, and there mixed with other materials, from which mixture transparent glass is made—a glass which is said to possess the valuable quality of being acid proof, and capable of use for all purposes for which the best bottle-glass is suitable.

STEAM AND ELECTRICITY.—It would startle many people who happen to see a locomotive blowing off steam in a railway station if they were told that there is electricity enough generated in the discharge of steam to blow the whole train of carriages to atoms, if, instead of being dissipated, it were collected. The fact was first accidentally noticed by an English engineer, who perceived sparks, which proved to be electrical, among the escaping steam. The discovery was confirmed by the construction of a hydro-electric machine in the shape of a boiler set on glass legs. The steam, as it rushes out of the escape valve, is received on a series of metallic points, by which it is gathered and accumulated in the conductor, as in an ordinary electric machine, in which the electricity is generated by the friction of a glass plate or cylinder. Will engineers ever come to appreciate the fact that every locomotive, or steamer carries the means of lighting itself far better and more cheaply than by any lamp.

BOOK OF ORIGINS.

ORIGIN OF PHRASES—THE ETYMOLOGY OF WORDS—REMARKABLE OLD SAYINGS—QUAINT EXPRESSIONS PECULIAR TO ALL AGES AND NATIONS.

BY JAMES REES.

"In primus hominis est propria
Veri inquisitio atque investigatio."
CICERO.

"The searching out and thorough investigation of truth, is the first, the primary study of man."

S.

[CONTINUED.]

STEALING MY THUNDER.

John Dennis, an unfortunate play writer in the Seventeenth century, was much provoked on one occasion when the actors refused to perform one of his tragedies to empty benches: but altho' the piece was a failure, the thunder which he had invented for his tragedy, did not fail, for the manager retained it, and one night it rolled in an opposition piece when Dennis was present. It was highly applauded. Dennis suddenly started up in the pit and cried out to the audience: "They won't act my piece, but they steal my thunder." Hence the origin of the phrase.

STOOL-PIGEON.

There are several definitions to the word stool. In its connection with "pigeon," it is probably used in this sense—"to put, to set up, etc."—Richardson.

An artificial duck, or other water fowl used as a decoy. A decoy robber in the pay of the police who brings his associates into a trap laid for them. In other words a person of more cunning and shrewdness who can use as a tool another of less penetration, to do and perform certain dirty work which he, the prompter, bad as he may be, would be ashamed to do himself.

STRAW PAPER, ORIGIN OF.

The manufacturer of paper out of straw, as is well known, was a paper maker. Passing through a field he gathered a few straws for no purpose but to while away the time, in the which he placed one in his mouth and commenced almost unconsciously to chew it. Ere he reached the end of his walk he found, to his surprise, that his mouth was full of soft, pulpy matter, resembling much the *papyrus nilotica*, substance from which paper is made. He immediately tried the experiment in his mill, and it was some years before he could bring it to answer any useful or practical purposes.

STRAW BAIL.

This phrase can be traced to a much earlier period than that which is given to it in a recent work on popular sayings.

In Athens there was a class of men who used to ply about the courts of law, and who from their manner of making known their occupation, were recognized by the name of *straw shoes*. An advocate or lawyer who wanted a *convenient* witness knew by these signs, *which was to place a straw in one of their shoes*, where to find one, and the colloquy between the parties was brief. "Don't you remember?" said the advocate, (the party looked at the fee and gave no sign; but the fee increased with it). "To be sure I do." "Then come into court and swear it." And straw shoes went into court and swore it. Athens abounded in straw shoes. A recent writer says: "Though a straw on the shoe has ceased to be the distinguishing mark, the records of many of our courts show that 'men of straw' still exist, and are easily found by those unprincipled enough to require their services. They are now, however, principally employed as bail; and 'straw bail' has become a familiar word in all our courts. Their false oath of the possession of property is often a ready means of snatching felons from the custody of the law."

SUCKER.

The origin of the term "Suckers" to residents of Illinois, is as follows: "The western prairies are in many places full of holes made by the crawfish, which descend to the waters beneath. In early times travelers over those plains prudently supplied themselves with long hollow reeds, and when thirsty thrust them into these natural artesians, and thus they easily supplied their wants by suction. Hence the inhabitants of these regions acquired the name of "Suckers."

SUNDAY.

Sunday, the first day of the week, was thus called by our idolatrous ancestors, because set apart for worship of the Sun. It is by some called the Lord's Day, *Dies Dominica*, because kept as a feast, in memory of our Lord's resurrection on this day. But every day is the Lord's; and we ought to serve Him faithfully every day.

It was the warrior Constantine the Great, who first made a law for the observation of Sunday, and who, according to Eusebius, appointed it should be regularly celebrated throughout the Roman empire. Before him, and even in his time, they observed the Jewish Sabbath, as well as Sunday; both to satisfy the law of Moses, and to imitate the apostles, who used to meet together on the first day.

It is very remarkable that the heathen nations who can be supposed to have no knowledge of the law or history of Moses, accounted one day of the seven more sacred than the rest. Hesiod styles the seventh day "the illustrious light of the Sun," "thus came the seventh day, which is Sacred or Holy," is a line found in Homer. Almost all nations, too, who have any notions of religion, have appropriated *one day in seven* to the purposes of public devotion; though they have differed with regard to the particular day. The Jews perform their worship on Saturday; the Christians on Sunday; the Mohammedans on Friday, because the Hegira occurred on that day.

The Hegira, in chronology, is a celebrated epoch used by the Arabs and Mahommedans for the computation of time. The word is Arabic, and denotes *to fly, to quit one's country, family, friends, etc., etc.* The event which gave rise to this epoch was Mohammed's flight from Mecca.*

*Mecca is one of the most ancient cities of the world. It is situated in Arabia, about forty miles from the Red Sea, and is celebrated for having given birth to Mohammed.

SUPERSTITION.

No bondage seems so dreadful as that of superstition; it has ever imposed the most abject kind of slavery. I have known (says the Spectator) the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest, and have seen a man in love grow pale and lose his appetite upon the plucking of a *merry thought*. A *screech owl* at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers, and the voice of a *cricket* has struck more terror, than the roaring of a lion. Nothing, he observes, is so inconsiderable, which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognostics; a *rusty nail*, or a *crooked pin*, shoots up into prodigies.

For when we think Fate hovers o'er our heads,
Our apprehensions shoot beyond all bounds;
Owls, ravens, crickets, seem the watch of death;
Nature's *worst vermin* scare her *godlike sons*;
Echoes, the very leavings of a voice,
Grow babbling ghosts, and call us to our graves.
Each mole-hill thought swells to huge Olympus.
While we, fanatic dreamers, heave and puff,
And sweat with an *imagination's* weight.
—Dryden's and Lee's Œdipus.

Gay, in his pastoral dirge, has preserved some of the rural prognostications of death.

——The *wether's bell*
Before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell;
The solemn *death-watch* click'd the hour she dy'd,
And shrilling *crickets* in the chimneys cry'd.
The boding *raven* on her cottage sat,
And with hoarse croaking warned us of her fate.

The following is from the beautiful old ballad of Tamlane:

"I'll make a garland of my hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair
Until the day I die!"

It is a sweet fancy, often met with in the old Scotch ballads, in the lamentations for the dead lover or mistress.

"The game of life
Looks cheerful, when one carries in one's heart
The unalienable treasure. 'Tis a game
Which, having once reviewed, I turn more joyous
Back to my deeper and appropriate bliss."
—*Wallenstein.*

SUPERSTITION OF THE ROMANS—THE FIGURE SIX.

The number *six* has always been considered at Rome as ominous. Pius VI., who breathed his last at Vienna, confirmed, by the misfortunes of his reign, the presentiments to which his title has given rise. Tarquinius *Sextus*, was the very worst of the Tarquins, and his brutal conduct led to a revolution in the government; it was under Urban, the *Sixth*, that the great schism of the West broke out; and Alexander, the *Sixth*, outdid all that his predecessors did. It was during his papacy that the line was written, which, in after times, was applied to the election of his successor, Pius VI.:

"Semper sub Sextis perdita Roma fuit."

In Pius VI.'s life, "nothing became him like the leaving of it;" and he attracted more respect by the piety and resignation with which he bore the insults heaped upon him by the French, during his captivity, than he could ever have commanded in the palace of the Vatican.

In a chapelry of England, county of Lancaster, the people of the district, under the head of "Folk Lore, had the following items which we may justly call the "creed of the superstitious."

1. It was accounted unlucky for a child to be born on Friday, unless it happened to be Good Friday, when the untowardness of the event was counterbalanced by the sanctity of the day.

2. It was considered unlucky either to cut the hair on a Friday or shave the beard on a Sunday; hence the warning rhyme—

"Friday cut and Sunday shorn,
Better never have been born."

3. In most houses on Christmas Eve the inmates used to sit with the entrance doors wide open, whilst one of them read the narrative of St. Luke; and the saint himself was supposed to pass through the house.

4. Children were taught to say "God bless me," every time they hiccoughed. The custom was said to have originated during the visitation of an epidemical and fatal disorder which began with the hiccough. Whilst suffering from that malady, the youngsters were instructed to repeat the pious ejaculation whenever they felt a "hic" coming on in order, if it proved fatal, they might have the benefit of a prayer.

5. A dead man's hand has been once, if not now, considered part of the stock-in-trade of a Lancashire burglar, just as a crow-bar and "jimmy" are now. It was supposed that a lighted candle placed on the hand could neither go out or burn out, and that whilst it was lit the inmates would never awake.

6. If a farmer killed a swallow it was believed that his cows would yield blood instead of milk.

7. If a person's fingers turned backwards on his opening his hands, it was presumed to signify that he was liberal and open-handed.

8. It was asserted that just as a wedding-ring wore, so a woman's cares would wear away.

9. It was accounted unlucky to tumble down stairs; hence when a misfortune of that sort occurred in the hearing of another person, it was usual for the latter to divert the omen by calling out loudly "Tumble up!"

10. Salt placed on a saucer or plate, and laid on the stomach of a corpse, kept the body from swelling. (It might do so, but salt in reality was placed there as an emblem of the immortality of the spirit.)

11. A westerly wind was considered most healthy; hence it was said:

"The wind in the west
Suits everyone best."

12. Cats had nine lives.

13. Parsley seed, after being sown, went seven times to the devil before it came up.

14. Dick's hatband went seven times round his hat, but would not tie. A personage resident in the village, and known as "Silly Dick," was thought to have originated this proverbial phrase, but a similar honor has been claimed for one "Dick Wheelbant," of Bury. Is the proverb or simile current out of Lancashire?

T.

TAKE TIME BY THE FORELOCK—DERIVATION OF THE FORELOCK.

It means with us not to lose the opportunity—not to be behindhand. The derivative old Saxon phrase is, "*Toe'l hecke t'heim by digh voor luycke*," or, translated, "he time quietly at the gate, before the locking of it."

TAKING THE BULL BY THE HORNS.

This phrase is taken from the Latin: *Auricus tenemus lupum*, which literally means, "We hold a wolf by the ears."

Having an enemy in your power, which you have vainly tried to tame, and which you can neither conveniently hold, nor safely let go.

Gov.—"I hold a wolf by the ear; fortune free me."

—Beaum. & Fletch.
The Island Princess—Act v.

TALK LIKE A DUTCH UNCLE.

This phrase originated with an old Dutch farmer, who had more nephews and nieces than he had children of his own. He was in the habit of talking long and very emphatic upon all subjects appertaining to their behavior until the lectures became irksome to the hearers, who endeavored to escape by stratagem these oft-repeated lessons. To "talk like a Dutch uncle," became proverbial in the neighborhood, and has extended over all parts of the country since. In England it is as much used as here.

TAR AND FEATHERS—ANTIQUITY OF.

The first mention of this favorite punishment of "Judge Lynch," is when the second crusade was commenced. Richard Cœur de Lion ordered that any soldier who should be discovered committing a robbery, should be tarred and feathered.

TARIFF—ORIGIN OF THE WORD.

At the southern point of Spain, and running out into the Straits of Gibraltar, is a promintory, which, from its position, is admirably adapted for commanding the entrance to the Mediterranean, and watching the exit and entrance of all ships. A fortress stands upon this promintory called now, as it was also called in the time of Moorish domination, "Tarifa." It was the custom of the Moors to watch all merchant ships going into or coming out of the midland sea, and, issuing from this stronghold, to levy duties according to a fixed scale on all merchandise passing in and out. And this was called, from the place where it was levied, *tarifa*; and from this comes our word tariff.

TEA BRANDS, AND THEIR MEANING.

The following origin, or rather definition of the names of the several kinds of tea, will interest housekeepers: Hyson means before the rains, or flourishing spring—that is, early in the spring; hence it is often called Young Hyson. Hyson skin is composed of the refuse of other kinds, the native term for which is tea skins. Refuse of still coarser description, containing many stems, is called tea bones. Bohea is the name of the hills in the region where it is collected. Pekoe, or Pecco means white hairs, the down of tender leaves. Powchong, folded plant; Souchong, small plant. Twankay is the name of a small river in the region where it is bought. Congo is from a term signifying labor, from the care required in its preparation.

OUR BOYS & GIRLS

THE ORPHANS.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

Determined to put his design into execution as soon as he could, Fritz thought over all the possibilities that presented themselves. At a previous time he had been sent by his aunt with an order to the shop of John Dempsey, who supplied the family with bread; and, as he stood there, a customer came in, asking for his account. It was not ready for him, and when he had gone, John complained that the pressure of business had prevented him from making out the bills, and he was losing money every day in consequence.

Now, John and Fritz were old friends. Their acquaintance dated back to the time when the boys first came to Carrolton; and to John, Fritz was indebted for many an enjoyable ride in his baker's wagon, and for an ever-willing supply of hot tarts and buns from his overflowing baskets, which, at that time, was always acceptable to the boy.

Fritz had not forgotten all these favors, and ever ready to do a kind action, he offered, as he then had a half holiday, to do the necessary writing for him at once. Much to John's astonishment, the (to him) herculean task was soon accomplished, and the bills, all correctly and neatly made out, laid in a pile before him.

Remembering this circumstance, Fritz paid another visit to John, and offered to keep his books for him, if the baker would let him do the work as best he could, in the time he had to spare. The boy met with more success than he had anticipated, for John not only gladly accepted his offer, but insisted that the pay should be liberal, and at the same time said he should count it a favor that Fritz was willing to do it. There was, however, one drawback that, at first, threatened to overthrow all the boy's plans.

John had always been his own bookkeeper, and, as he was by no means a skilled one, the strange manner in which the entries were made baffled every effort of Fritz to understand them; therefore, it became necessary that John should explain them, which he could only do in the evenings' and then Fritz had no time to spare. He was not, however, a boy to relinquish an undertaking until convinced of its impossibility. He found that, by rising two hours earlier than his usual time, he could easily prepare all his lessons for school; this he determined to do, and by that means he could have his evenings free.

Russell and Fritz were seldom called to account for absenting themselves in the evening. They had friends all around the neighborhood, and as they were always at home early, Mrs. Somers did not trouble herself about them; therefore, Fritz did not find it so difficult to get away as he anticipated. He kept his own counsel, and his secret was not even suspected.

In consequence of this arrangement, Fritz still had his play hours and holidays, which he hoped to turn to a profitable account.

Sara's life with her mother had not been made up of trifles. From her earliest years she had been taught to make herself useful, and Mrs. Somers now often found herself indebted to the girl for valuable services. Many a handsome piece of embroidery came from the deft hands of Sara for her aunt's use, and, indeed, none of the acquirements gained under the kind guidance of her mother, were likely to be forgotten for want of practice in her aunt's house.

"Sara, my dear," her aunt would say; "Katie is so careless, she has torn her new dress shockingly, and I am afraid it can never be mended; would you mind trying what you can do with it?" And again: "Sara, I would consider it a great favor if you would practice your music at another time, and help Katie arrange her bureau drawers this morning. They are in a terrible state—jewels, fans, ribbons, laces and feathers, are all rolled in a mass together. She will be so pleased if you will help her." But Katie generally managed to get away as soon as the work was begun, returning after it was finished, to express her astonishment that Sara could so quickly accomplish it.

Sara really had very little time to bestow upon her studies, but as Fritz and herself had the same advantages given them for their education as Katie and Russell, she managed to improve her opportunity, although it required the utmost diligence to do so.

Thus the time passed with the orphans. Fritz was getting along nicely with his book-keeping; his other little enterprises brought him in small sums, and although the money came slowly, it pleased the boy to see he was making quite a respectable amount.

It is not to be supposed that the industrious life of Fritz escaped altogether the vigilant eye of Russell. One day he said to Mrs. Somers:

"Do you know, mamma, that the little beggar papa brought among us is actually at work, almost every day, carrying out goods from the stores, and going on errands for any one who will employ him? I met him to-day, on the street, carrying a bundle almost as large as himself. I was wretchedly mortified, for Frank Doubleday was with me. I passed by him as quickly as possible, thinking Frank would not observe him. But what do you think? After he had gone by, and I thought everything was safe, Frank looked back, exclaiming, 'Why, Fritzy, is that you, old fellow? What are you doing with that heavy bundle? Here, let me give you a lift!' And he actually took hold of one side of it, and they went off up the street together. Now, mamma, I hope you will not let this thing happen again."

"Rest assured it shall not," replied Mrs. Somers. "I will speak to your papa about it immediately, and he will soon put a stop to it."

She was as good as her word, for as soon as Mr. Somers came home, she informed him of Fritz's conduct; but to her surprise he replied that the boy was right. He also said that he was glad to hear there was so much grit in him; that he had not forgotten his own early struggles, and that he should not interfere with Fritz, so long as he did nothing dishonorable.

"But it is such a disgrace to the children," said Mrs. Somers.

"No disgrace at all! I wish with all my heart Russell would follow his example, and then I should indulge a hope that he would sometime be a man, instead of a Molly Coddle, as he is likely to be."

Mrs. Somers could not believe she heard aright.

"A Molly Coddle!" she repeated. "What do you mean Philip? Russell was born a gentleman!"

Mr. Somers laughed. "Well, well," he replied, "we won't quarrel about Russell now; but Fritz must be let alone, that I shall insist upon; and now that this momentous subject is settled, suppose we have our supper."

The time was now fast approaching when Katie Somers would complete her fifteenth year. There was to be a birthday party, and all the boys and girls in Carrolton were to be invited.

"We will have to be industrious," Mrs. Somers said to Sara and Katie. "Two weeks will pass very quickly, and there are a great many things to be done. Katie's dress is to be made, and the materials is not even decided upon. What shall it be, Sara? Your taste is exquisite. Think of something beautiful for our young lady."

"I like Katie best in white, Aunt," answered Sara; "a pretty white muslin, with blue ribbons and flowers."

"Oh! no," quickly interrupted Katie; "I want something more stylish. A blue silk, trimmed with point lace—how would that do with my new set of pearls?"

"Nicely," said Mrs. Somers. "We will go out to-day and make our purchases."

"We must get something for Sara, too, mamma. Don't forget her this time, as you did before, when Lucie Dale gave her party."

"Oh! Sara don't care for dress," answered Mrs. Somers. "We can have your green cashmere altered for her. Will that do, my dear?" she continued, as she turned towards Sara.

"If you please, aunt, I can wear my own brown dress. I should very much prefer it," Sara quietly replied.

"You see, Katie," remarked Mrs. Somers, with a look of approbation; "Sara is so considerate. She knows how expensive your dress will be, and as Russell must have a new outfit, too, we will have to be economical. I really think Sara's brown dress, with crimson ribbons, will be very neat and becoming."

The carriage was ordered.

"Come, girls, hurry," said Mrs. Somers. "We must not keep John waiting with the horses."

"If you will excuse me, aunt, I would rather stay at home," Sara said; "I have my music lesson to practice and——"

"Oh! do let her stay, mamma," Katie interrupted; "let her practice her songs. She will have to sing and play ever so much on the evening of the party. I love to dance to Sara's music."

When they had gone, Fritz came in and found Sara at the piano.

"What is all the fuss about, sis," he said; "is there to be another party?"

"Yes, dear," answered Sara; "it is to be here this time. You know Katie is now nearly fifteen."

"Another birthday party then, I suppose. Where are aunt and Katie gone?"

"To buy dresses and other things they need."

"To buy dresses for whom?"

"For Katie, brother. Why do you frown so?"

"And what does my kind aunt propose to give you?"

"Oh! I don't need anything at all. I have all I want."

"Of course you have; that is always the way. I suppose aunt offered you one of Katie's cast-off garments."

"I wish, dear brother, you would not worry about me. I care more about our education than anything else, and I am improving in my music greatly. Listen, Fritz."

Fritz sat by his sister's side as her fingers ran over the keys, but his thoughts were in his little third-story room, gloating over his money bag.

"Ah, ha!" he thought to himself. "We will see now who will be the best-looking girl in the room! My sister's dress shall not this time look as if she had borrowed it from the chambermaid and the kitchen girl had helped her put it on!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MARQUISE AND HER PATCHES.

Formerly in France, Madame la Marquise rose at noon, with a head too often aching from the night's excesses, to perform her toilet in a boudoir hung with rose-colored silk, and attended by one or two favored gallants. Her *femmes de chambre* are yet more numerous than the Marquis's valets; one dresses and powders her hair, and arranges it in one of the many curious forms then in vogue; another clasps her white neck and arms with pearls and jewels; a third fastens the diamond buckles of her dainty shoes; a fourth arranges her wide-spreading hoop, a fifth the fall of her sac or panier; a sixth holds her patch-box, most important of all the adjuncts of a lady's toilet, and one as indispensable to her as a powder-box and puff are to a young lady of the present day. She never moves without it, as patches drop sometimes in the hot rooms, and it is necessary to replace them. They are cut in all kinds of forms—stars, comets, crescents, moons, even coaches-and-fours—anything that caprice can imagine. They have a language of their own, too, which is fully understood by the adepts, and each has a name according to its position. When placed in the corner of the eye it is *la passionnée*; in the middle of the cheek, *la galante*; upon the nose, *l'effrontee*; near the lips, *la coquette*; upon a pimple, *la receleuse*, etc. At the feet of Madame, while she dresses, lie little black boys holding her fan and heightening by contrast the brilliant whiteness of her skin. The toilet completed, she goes to visit her friends, or descends to her own *salon* to receive her visitors. On grand reception days the varied costumes of the guests add a new splendor to the picture: officers of the musketeers in black and silver; chevaliers of the light horse in pale blue and gold; the Swiss in scarlet, the Abbes in black, and *la noblesse* in every combination of color that fashion can suggest.

Salt as a Symbol.—A man who has partaken of salt with you is bound to you by the laws of hospitality, and thus bread and salt are eaten at the ratification of a bargain or treaty, to make it binding on all parties. Salt is also an emblem of desolation; conquered cities were sown with salt. In Scotland and Ireland salt appears to have been considered to represent the incorruptible spirit, and was therefore laid above the heart of a corpse; and in some cases a platter was so placed containing a small portion of salt and earth unmixed, the one to represent the immortal, the other the mortal part. In former days, when it was the custom for all the household of a nobleman or gentleman to dine together, the large salt cellar, which was placed in the middle of the table, was the boundary of distinction between the family and the menials.

RUSSIAN JOKES.

Lippincott's for January says: For the peculiar sort of pleasantry which we call a pun, the structure of the Russian language gives little or no facility; and the "Irish bull," so prominent in all Western jest books, is absolutely unintelligible to a Russian, as a certain English traveler once learned to his cost. He had attempted to divert a native acquaintance with the anecdote of a wayside notice in England: "This way to Hadham. All persons who *cannot read* may apply to the blacksmith." The Russian did his best to laugh, but evidently saw nothing in the story, and the Englishman retired in disgust. Early the next morning his friend burst in with a burst of laughter, exclaiming, "Ah, mine friend! I do see him now! Stupid dat I vos! To be sure, de blacksmith might not be at home!" Such was *his* idea of the joke!

As might be expected from a nation of keen bargainers like the Russians, a large number of their popular legends turn upon the outwitting of one man by another, the victimized party being almost invariably a German or a Tartar—a curious expression of national antipathy. In one of these tales, a Russian and a Tartar, crossing the steppes in company, find their stores reduced to a single fowl of remarkable meagre aspect. The Tartar proposes to draw lots for it, but the Russian moves as an amendment that it shall belong to whichever may have the most satisfactory dream. The Tartar accordingly lies down to invent a dream, and after a time calls out triumphantly, "Ah, my friend! I've had a famous dream: I thought I was taken up into Paradise and placed at the very feet of the Prophet." "Just so," quoth the Russian coolly; "I saw you go up, and I made sure you'd never be so foolish as to come back again when you were once there; so I just ate the fowl myself.

COMBATIVENESS OF BIRDS.

A writer in *Scribner's* says: By a fiction of the poets birds all sing praise, if they sing at all, to the great Creator. Of course this sounds well, and may have some moral foundation; but I can come as near proving that a catbird curses and swears, and flings out all sorts of abusive epithets at its enemies, when angry, as any one can come to establishing the song praise theory. How these little fellows can fret, and scold and hiss, and imprecate—yes imprecate! Let a sparrow-hawk, or screech-owl, or butcher-bird, go near one's nest, and if you observe closely, your imagination must be very torpid, indeed, if you cannot hear "*Sacrebleu!*" and all that scattered around pretty freely. I have seen one fairly dance in ecstacy of anger when nothing but a poor little brown lizard came near it. A pair of catbirds had their nest and young in a currant-hedge of the garden belonging to a farm-house where I was lodging one spring, and I used to amuse myself by exciting the anger of the mother-bird. To do this I had only to hang a bit of red cloth near the nest in her absence, and await the result. No sooner would she return than such a twittering, and squeaking, and scolding, would begin as only a catbird could generate, and, when she found out that there was "no fight" in the rag, she would eye me sitting at my window, and mew triumphantly, as if she well knew who it was had disturbed her equanimity. A war of words—or rather a war of notes—is a thing of frequent occurrence between a catbird and the common brown thrush. Early in the morning through the month of May they may be heard screaming their respective medleys at the extreme pitch of their voices from neighboring trees, each songster maliciously bent on drowning the other's voice. The common barnyard cock is given to a like ambition in the matter of "crowing down" all competitors.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Peanuts yield a large percentage of oil that is as good for all purposes as olive oil, and finds a ready market.

Water for Drink.—Water should be provided in abundance for all stock, and that drawn from a well is preferable to any other. It is not only purer, but—what is of most importance—it is comparatively warm and does not chill the animals. No animal should be compelled to eat snow for drink if it is expected to thrive.

House Plants.—It happens almost every winter, that there are two or three nights so severely cold that the ordinary heating appliances will not keep the room warm enough to prevent house plants from freezing, at least at the window. At such times the plants should be placed in the middle of the room and covered with a sheet, or even with newspapers. Frozen plants will often recover if taken to a room where the temperature is just above freezing, and allowed to thaw very gradually. The change to a very warm room would be injurious.

Grade Pigs.—Grade pigs are preferable to any pure bred ones for the farmer. As a rule, it will be found a mistake for a farmer to keep pure bred animals except males to produce grades. High-bred animals are nearly always smaller and more finely organized than their grade progeny. Their greatest value consists in producing an improved progeny from our common stock. This is large in size, and in every way more valuable for the market, or for home use, than the pure bred sire would have been. In no kind of stock is this fact more manifest than with swine. No matter what kind of breed of pigs is kept, this rule will hold good.

Grooming Horses and Cows.—Good grooming is necessary to good digestion and health in horses and cows. The functions of the skin are very important. The skin is an excretory organ as well as one which affords covering and protection to the muscular tissues. Cleanliness of the skin is as necessary for the health of a horse as that of a man. The skin throws off in scales the used up portion, and this dusty matter should be brushed out of the coat. The irritation by the brushing stimulates the skin and assists this healthful action; but the irritation should not be too severe. A moderately hard brush is preferable to a hard, sharp curry-comb.

What May Be Done?—Stone may be got out and hauled into heaps where it may be wanted for sale or for use. A well may be dug in the barnyard. Posts and rails may be got out in the rough, hauled to a convenient spot, and piled up to dry. Slabs from a saw mill make excellent fence posts, and can usually be purchased very cheaply, and these may be drawn home. Springs may be cleaned out and walled up. Rocks may be undermined and toppled into large holes and buried. To a willing worker, there never comes a time when there is nothing to be done; and much may be done now to prepare for the busier period which will soon be at hand.

Ready-Made Houses.—The *American Builder* thinks there is a rare chance for a clever workman, with an inventive turn of mind and a little money, to establish himself in the manufacture and sale of "ready-made" houses. There would be a demand for such where new lines of railways are being built; where timber is scarce; on improved Western lands where colonies are organizing, and for tourists' use in the mountains, transient summer resorts, and on the sea-side. They should be constructed of light materials, easily put together without the aid of skilled labor. After having provided himself with the facilities for turning out this class of work, the additional very important condition of success would consist in vigorous advertising.

Diseases from Ammonia.—Diseases from ammonia in stables are considerably more frequent than is commonly believed. This is especially the case with regard to horses, probably because their dung is richer and undergoes a more rapid fermentation than that of cows, throwing off ammonia in larger quantities. This alkali, besides being very injurious to the eyes, is a powerful stimulant, the constant use of which predisposes to affections of the lungs. Of its strength, even when greatly diluted, we can judge from the contents of a common hartshorn bottle. Yet in many stables no provision is made either for the absorption or escape of this subtle poison for animals, but nutritious food for plants.

TEACHINGS OF THE KORAN.

The Mohammedan Koran, or bible, has no idea, whatever, of an atonement, and hence, no room for sacrifice, except the commemoration of Ishmael's (Isaac's) sacrifice by Abraham. Allah is, indeed, "all merciful," and forgives sins, but arbitrarily and directly, without satisfaction of his justice. The devotions of the pious Mohammedan are impressive, and put many Christians to shame. He says his prayers and goes through his bowings and prostrations regularly and punctually five times a day, in the mosque or at home, or on board a ship, or in the street, or wherever he may be, regardless of his surroundings, being alone with his God in the midst of the crowd, his face turned towards Mecca, his hands raised to heaven, then laid on the lap, his knees bent, his forehead touching the ground. His usual prayer is the first of the Koran, which serves him the same purpose as the Lord's Prayer does the Christian, but bears no comparison to it in beauty and comprehensiveness. Sometimes a few other verses are added, and the ninety-nine beautiful names of Allah which form the Mohammedan rosary. There are three stated hours of prayer—four minutes after sunset, at nightfall, at daybreak, or after sunrise, a little after noonday, and in the afternoon. The Prophet fixed the time of prayer a little after sunset and sunrise to avoid the appearance of sun and star worship, which he had to contend with in Arabia. The muezzin of the mosque announces the time of prayer from the minaret by chanting the "Adan," or call to prayer, in these, or similar, words: "God is most great. I testify that there is no deity but God. I testify that Mohammed is God's apostle. Come to prayer! Come to security! Prayer is better than sleeping. God is most great. There is no deity but God." Besides prayer, the Koran enjoins fasting, almsgiving and pilgrimage to Mecca, at least once in a man's life as the chief exercises of piety.

An Old Cure for Gout.—The following cure for gout is taken from an old work:—First: The person must pick a handkerchief from the pocket of a maid of fifty years, who has never had a wish to change her condition. Second: He must dry it on a parson's hedge who was never covetous. Third: He must send it to a doctor's shop who never killed a patient. Fourth: He must mark it with a lawyer's ink who never cheated a client. Fifth. Apply it to the part affected, and a cure will speedily follow.

Overtasking the Energies.

It is not advisable for any of us to overtask our energies, corporeal or mental, but in the eager pursuit of wealth or fame or knowledge, how many transgress this salutary rule. It must be a matter of great importance to all who do so to know how they can regain the vigor they have so recklessly expended. The remedy is neither costly or difficult to obtain. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is procurable in every city, town and settlement in America, and it compensates for a drain of bodily or mental energy more effectually than any invigorant ever prescribed or advertised. Laboring men, athletes, students, journalists, lawyers, clergymen, physicians, all bear testimony to its wondrously renovating powers. It increases the capabilities for undergoing fatigue, and counteracts the injurious effects upon the system of exposure, sedentary habits, unhealthy or wearying avocations, or an insalubrious climate, and is a prime alterative, diuretic and blood depurent.

The Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company, of Philadelphia, is justly regarded as one of the very strongest and most reliable institutions of its character in the country. When public confidence was shaken of late by the extraordinary rottenness and weakness exhibited by many over-bepraised companies doing business in the various States, the Penn Mutual nearly alone preserved the even tenor of its way without a suspicion or a doubt concerning its unquestionable stability. The thirtieth annual report, which has just been issued, shows it never to have been in so prosperous a condition. The business of the past year, when that of other institutions fell off, has been in all respects as satisfactory as ever. An examination of this highly interesting report will show that the Penn Mutual's position at the head of Life Insurance in America is well-deserved.

Our readers who may want to learn about the Far West are referred to the advertisement of the Kansas Farmer, an old established and popular journal in the West. It is published at the Capital of the State.

All of our readers who answer the advertisement of Messrs. Jordan, Marsh & Co., of Boston, will please do us the favor to mention that they saw their card in the Saturday Evening Post.

THIRTIETH ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

PENN MUTUAL

LIFE INSURANCE CO.

OF PHILADELPHIA.

Net Assets January 1, 1877....			$5,592,867.59
RECEIPTS.			
Premium receipts, etc........	$1,179,791.03		
Interest receipts, etc..........	376,615.75		
			1,556,406.78
Total			$7,149,274.37
DISBURSEMENTS.			
*Losses and endowments paid	$379,407.89		
Dividends to policy holders..	230,953.29		
Surrendered policies, re-insurance, etc.	231,840.29		
Commissions, salaries, medical fees, etc.	127,392.75		
Taxes, legal expenses, advertising, etc....................	109,218.02		
			1,077,771.15
Assets Jan. 1, 1878, at cost...			$6,071,503.22
ASSETS.			
U. S. 5 and 6 per cent. bonds, Philadelphia and city loans, R. R. bonds, bank, and other stocks, worth $2,000,342.75, cost			$2,009,448.93
Mortgages, first liens on properties worth $5,800,000..........................			2,494,121.17
Premium notes, secured by policies......			711,372.00
Loans on collaterals, etc......................			346,458.82
Agents' balances, secured by bonds..			31,291.00
Real estate owned by the company, cost.			293,036.61
Cash on hand and in Trust Companies.			173,374.63
Net ledger assets, as above..................			$6,071,503.22
Net deferred and unreported premiums		$105,221.63	
Interest due and accrued on loans, etc..................		89,137.38	
Market value of stocks, etc., over cost..................	$68,863.82		
Less depreciation in real estate..	46,002.61		
		22,861.23	
			217,220.24
Gross assets January 1, 1878.........			$6,288,723.46
LIABILITIES.			
Losses reported, but not due	$112,802.01		
Reserve required at 4 per cent. to re-insure risks..	5,298,336.00		
Dividends on unreported policies........................	13,719.19		
Accumulations on life rate endowments.................	14,107.50		
Premiums paid in advance..	6,986.96		
			$5,445,955.46
Surplus 4 per cent. basis.....			872,718.00
			$6,288,723.46
Surplus, at 4½ per cent. (estimated)....................			$1,232,000.00

*The losses were $114,000 less than those estimated by the mortality table.

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A CHARGE.

BY EDWARD GLYNDON.

Not even a flower may pass, most dear,
From my forlorn hands into yours,
Yet my whole hidden heart has sealed
For you its stores—

Like some deep spring, shut far below,
Unknown of men, unsunned and still,
On which the changes of the world
Work not their will,

If you should ever find a rose
Broken and trampled at your feet—
You whom my heart holds, over all,
Noble and sweet—

On that fair ruin, oh, set not,
Unthinkingly, a careless foot;
Remember how a heart may lie
Helpless and mute;

But raise it tenderly, and brush
The street's dust from its fading leaves,
For the sad sake of one who loves,
And, loving, grieves!

PHANTOMS,

OR A NIGHT MYSTERY.

BY C. LEON GUMPERT.

II.

The terror of the party plunged suddenly into utter darkness, can but faintly be described.

Esther gave a piercing scream and clung to Mr. Schaff, while Miranda caught Henry's hand with an instinct of her utter helplessness. Yet Miranda, despite her fears, was the most courageous of the four. A moment afterwards she arose and exclaimed—

"Keep quiet and don't be alarmed! I will have a light here in a second!"

So saying the heroic young woman struck a match and made a vain attempt to light the refractory gas-burner.

"Something wrong here!" she said, quietly.

"The meter's frozen!" suggested Henry.

"Well," said Miranda, in a firm, unwavering voice, "we must see what is the matter! Henry, I beg of you, run down stairs and look around! Go down in the cellar and see if the meter is frozen! Go, that's a good boy!"

Miranda groped her way with unwonted alacrity to a closet at the farther end of the room, and producing therefrom a coil of wax taper, struck a match, and soon sent a feeble radiance through the now quiet apartment.

"Where are the servants?" queried Henry.

"Mary went with the folks," answered Miranda, "and Kate, the cook, has been in bed an hour or more! Don't you remember her bidding you good night? But listen! The noise continues! Something is wrong, I say! So go down! Please go down!"

"Bother," cried Henry, "I'm too awfully comfortable at present to venture anywhere!"

"Nor should I!" broke in Louis; "night makes me nervous. I am in a labyrinth of terror. It is my nature. I can't help it. There, did you hear that! There it goes again!"

"And it will continue to go till we stop it!" said Henry, rising from his chair and moving towards the door. "I'm going down. All the goblins and witches and *Der Freyschutz* nonsense in the world are no match for a live man! I feel that I could fight a cemetery of bogies single-handed to-night. I'm off!"

Here Louis rose spasmodically and grasping Henry's arm, said as he did so:

"Don't be a fool! Sit down! sit down!"

Miranda, at this speech, looked almost angrily at Mr. Schaff, and turning to Henry, who was approaching the door, said in a calm way:

"Here—take the light!"

"Keep the light yourself!" cried Henry, as he opened the door. "You need it! Thanks all the same. Whew! it's cold!" and he disappeared in the thick gloom of the stairway, while his footsteps echoed fainter and fainter down the corridor.

Then Miranda, dropping helplessly into her chair, said:

"Poor fellow!" while Louis with a face like a corpse sat staring woefully at Esther, who was crying as though her heart would break.

But after a while, Esther became calm, and so they sat in meditation for a time, and nothing was heard but the furious wind outside, and the clattering of sleet against the windows. Then a lull in the storm, and a horrible silence ensued everywhere, broken only by the faint ticking of the clock in the next room.

Of a sudden, there was a noise like a pistol shot, and hardly a moment afterwards, there came the terrible ringing of a bell!

"The door bell!" screamed Miranda, with a face pale as death—

But she reassured herself in an instant, and burst into laughter, saying:

"This is a trick of Henry's to frighten us! I know him!"

Then came another ring of the bell.

"Mr. Schaff! Mr. Schaff! what shall we do?" sobbed Esther.

"I know not! I know not!" gasped Louis.

"Henry! Henry!" cried Miranda at the top of her voice.

But there was no reply.

She began to lose her wonted composure. She arose and nervously paced the floor, murmuring to herself:

"Dear Saints! what keeps Henry! what can it be!"

[illegible]

"Tut! tut!" interrupted Miranda, with a stamp of her foot. "Nonsense; this is imbecile! Henry must be found! If the spirits are at work, they are assuredly working for our good and not our evil! Henry has gone to the cellar of course, found a candle, made a light, saw the state of the meter, and either quite by accident struck the bell wire and rang the bell unintentionally, or else rang it intentionally with a view of bringing us down because he has discovered something! He's there of course! What ninnies we are to be sure. Go down and rescue him, Louis! I command you!" she exclaimed peremptorily.

"He shall not!" cried Esther, holding on to Louis.

"Suppose he has tripped in the dark," suggested Louis, "and has fallen, and now lies in a horrible swoon in the cellar, at the foot of the stairs——"

"Go then!" cried Miranda wildly, interrupting him—"Go at once if you are a man! or I will go!"

At that moment there came another and more furious ringing of the bell.

"Hear that!" cried Miranda! "I, for my part go at once! I mean to go!"

"Stay!" exclaimed Louis, leaping from his chair and grasping Miranda's hand, "I will go down! Stay where you are, please! I will go."

"Be quick about it! "answers Miranda.

Louis was wonderfully obedient. Before Esther could hold him back he darted through the doorway and vanished in the landing, clattering down stairs as noisily as possible, and emitting fragmentary whistles to keep up his ebbing courage.

Both Esther and Miranda, actuated by one impulse, followed him as far as the stairs, and stood peering into the darkness below, as they shivered and cried out, as with one voice:

"Is he there?"

"No!" answered the distant voice of Louis.

They spoke not a word to each other, but gloomily sat anxiously awaiting the return of Louis.

In a moment after, that seemed an age to them, Louis darted into the room with a suddenness that made them scream, they were so nervous, and he looked the picture of fright, as he sank into his chair, breathing heavily.

Esther darted upon him with: "Where is he?"

Before he could attempt to answer, Miranda ejaculated—

"God pity us, but haven't you found him?"

Then Esther interposed—"Is there no help?"

While Miranda, utterly nervous, cried, "Is he in the cellar?—say—say yes!"

"Wasn't it the door bell?"

"Who rang it?"

"Is the meter frozen?"

"Tell me why you can't find him!"

"Why don't you speak? Louis, Louis, where, where is Henry? tell us."

To this medley of questions Mr. Schaff appeared both deaf and dumb, for the moment; but rallying, he stammered forth:

"I saw—nothing of him at all I—ran to the front door and looked out, but there was no one there—I ran to the cellar way—I called! No reply—"

"But did you go down?" demanded Miranda.

"No—"

"Not go down! My! my! it won't do! It must be seen to!"

"Poor brother!" sobbed Esther—"he may be even now in the cellar, stunned or suffering! God only knows what accident may have happened! Please go again, Mr. Schaff, for my sake!"

"Go?" cried Louis, "I would not go down in the dark again for the world! I cannot! I cannot!"

"There is no need of going in the dark, Mr. Schaff," said Miranda; "here, take the light!"

"And leave you in darkness?"

"It is no matter."

"Let us all go!" cried Esther.

"Very well," answered Miranda.

"Let us all go together!"

"No, no!" replied Louis. "Let me go alone. I will go."

"In the dark?"

"In the dark—and alone."

"I have another taper here," said Miranda, as she went to the closet and took out a small candle.

"I don't need it," said Louis.

"Take it," said Miranda, "and if you discover anything call to us. Hush! I heard a step! There, that is Henry!"

They listened to their own hearts beating. All else for the moment was silence—most profound.

"I thought I heard a step," said Miranda, sadly. "I was mistaken, but it strikes me that the noise we first heard has ceased. Listen!"

"That is so!" said Louis. "I hear no longer the intermittent reverbation."

"It no doubt was only a neighbor chopping wood," said Louis, growing brave. Well! I am ready!"

The expedition sets out.

"Good luck to you, Louis!" cried Esther as her lover left the room and walked cautiously down the broad stairs.

When Louis reached the bottom of the staircase his superstitious fancies grew stronger and he was on the point of retracing his steps, for he imagined he saw in the dim twilight of the hallway an odd-looking figure, an indefinite object dimly revealed by the flickering taper. Louis was really frightened now, and he would have willingly returned to the sitting room had he possessed a tithe of the wit with which he set out. But he was in abject despair at this moment, and when he almost mechanically touched the lowest step of all, a gust of wind, a mysterious breath extinguished both his taper and his bravery at once, and he scarcely had an instant to utter an ejaculatory "help!" when he felt a broad hand pressed firmly over his mouth and powerful arms carrying him into space.

Louis utterly fainted and knew no more.

"My God!" screamed Miranda, "that was Louis' voice! He cried, 'Help!'"

"Do not say that! Do not say that!" cried Esther, hysterically. "Help us, help us, help us! Who will help us?"

Esther rushed to the stairway like one possessed with a demon, straining her eyes into the deep darkness below, and ejaculating, "My! my! my! there is no light there!"

Miranda following her, came to the stairway and saw too that the hall below was as dark as midnight. But she was calmer than the other, and while Esther was leaning hopelessly over the baluster crying bitterly, Miranda was quickly forming her plans of action.

"Come, cheer up!" she said to Esther. "Cheer up. We will go find them both! Lost sheep in this wilderness of a haunted house. Surely I believe we are bewitched."

Esther threw her arms around the other's neck, and suffered her to lead her back into the room.

"What is to become of us?" she murmured.

"What is to become of them?" said Miranda. "Come, let us lose no time. I will go down to set things to rights. You had better remain——"

"No, no!" interrupted Esther, almost fiercely. "I must find *him!*"

"And I must find *him!*" laughed Miranda. "I'll be captain, you be the army. Forward into the enemy's country to rescue those we love. Forward! We must have arms, I forgot about that; all soldiers have arms. Here, Esther, take this cane of your beloved Louis, I will arm myself with this candle and these fire-tongs. I'll clatter them to keep our courage up; they will be fife and drum to us."

She clattered them loudly and laughed.

"They make a jolly noise. If that does not frighten the spirits, what will? And these tongs will come handy if we chance to meet the old arch enemy himself, and we can dispose of him like St. Dunstan did once upon a time. Forward! march!"

And the brave Miranda drew Esther's arm in hers and began humming the march from *Ours*.

"Keep step! Forward! Death to the enemy! No quarter!"

And so they marched down stairs.

The situation was no longer to be regarded as a joke. Here were two nervous women alone in this strange house. Henry had mysteriously disappeared. The light had been extinguished mysteriously and now Louis disappears. It is easy to invent theories for the solution of these problems, but nature always defies theories, and things always turn up contrary to what we anticipate. It is the unexpected that always happens, and life is a series of disappointing circumstances.

It was evident that Miranda had a pet theory about all this mystery, and she attempted to follow it out, in order to trace the two lost lovers. But she might have just as readily been wrong and mistaken in her views of the case as right about them.

As for Esther, her one sole thought now was to find Louis and rescue him. She had heard with terror and heart-breaking grief, his half-suppressed exclamation for succor, and she was filled with but one idea, "to save him, to save him."

"First to the cellar!" said Miranda.

They passed through the entry and came to the cellar door, which they found open. Mr. Schaff, in his terror, had forgotten to close it. Then they went down the narrow stairway and reached the desolate-looking cellar itself.

Then Miranda holding the light up so as to illuminate everything, they looked about them.

No trace of Henry or Louis! Miranda being a woman of practical mind, availed herself of the opportunity to inspect the meter.

She discovered that it is was not frozen at all, nor was it empty of water. The cellar was warmed sufficiently by the huge heater, and, therefore, the hypothesis of a frozen meter was an absurd one to entertain. They examined every part of the cellar.

"Hark!" cried Esther. "I heard a footstep. Louis! Louis! Henry!" she cried. It was natural for her to call for her own lover first.

"Henry!" cried Miranda loudly.

"There!" ejaculated Esther, "that was a voice assuredly."

"Henry! Louis!"

At this time there was a decided reply to the call, but seemingly so distant as to be unintelligible.

"Call him again!" demanded Miranda

"Henry!"

Instantly there came a shout, and they could distinguish the words "Open the door!"

"Open the door?" queried Miranda—"What door—where? where is he? Look around!"

"Where are you, Harry?" screamed Esther.

"Out here! open the door!"

"The mystery increases," said Miranda, "let us seek him!"

There came a loud banging and thumping, and rattling, and the terrified party abruptly stumbled upstairs out of the cellar, and had no sooner emerged into the entry, than they heard in louder tones:

"Open the door, folks!"

"It's Henry's voice?" cried Miranda; but where is he?"

"Where can Louis be?" exclaimed Esther. "Is Louis with you!" she demanded.

"Let me in and I will tell you!"

Miranda, running into the kitchen, hastened to draw the bolt of the door there leading into the yard. But it soon became apparent that this was not the right door, for the thumping and rattling seemed to be more distant.

Bewildered, they were at first unable to act, but heroic Miranda exclaimed, "We shall find him soon—We are coming, Harry!" she cried, and they set to work to find him and set him free.

How they busied themselves opening doors, and peeping into closets, and rummaging about in their desperate hunt for a [illegible]

"Where in the world are you!" cried Miranda.

"Open the back door—here! here!" answered Henry.

"Fools that we are," cried Miranda. "It's the back door. The back door of the hallway. Here we are, Harry."

Handing the light to Esther, Miranda began tugging at the bolts, and in a moment had the door unfastened, when, with a bound in sprang the long lost Henry, but the sudden draft blew out the light and they were again in darkness.

Esther gave a shriek.

"Upstairs, all of you!" cried Henry. "don't talk to me, don't touch me!"

"Oh, dear brother. Dear, dear Henry, where have you been! Where is Louis? Where is Louis?"

"Louis! My God, is he lost? Upstairs let us hear all about it. I'm dripping wet. Let me get upstairs."

He darted abruptly for the baluster and stumbled up the stairs, followed by the two women.

"In the name of all that's great, how did you get out there?" exclaimed Miranda.

Henry paused and said in reply, "Come—upstairs—and—ah—I will—tell you—ah—all about it—I'm—nearly dead—ah! I have enough to tell, God knows!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RUSSIAN EXILES.—Russian exiles, especially those who marry and are not cursed by fortune, frequently become as much attached to the country as the men who visit California or the West, intending to stay but a few years, and never finding a suitable time to return. Many exiles remain in Siberia after their terms of banishment are ended, especially if they have been long in the country, and hesitate to return to Russia and find themselves forgotten. Every exiled serf became a free peasant as soon as he entered Siberia, and no law existed whereby he could be re-enslaved. His children were free, and enjoyed a condition far superior to that of the serf, under the system prevalent before 1859. Many descendants of exiles have become wealthy through gold-mining, commerce, and agriculture, and occupy high civil positions. Some of the political exiles—Poles and Russians—who remain voluntarily in Siberia, say they were drawn unwillingly into the acts that caused their banishment, and may suffer again in the same way if they go home. In Siberia they are removed from all disturbing influences, whilst home they are at the mercy of uneasy revolutionists, and are often led to commit acts they do not really approve.

RUSSIANS PRINCES.—In Russia the number of princes is said to be ridiculous. A person of high rank, being stopped on a bridge by an uncivil toll-keeper, exclaimed, "What do you mean by treating me in such a manner? I am Prince Galitzin." "And so am I," responded the toll-keeper.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fire-side Chat.

There is certainly great moral support given to a woman in wearing a handsome and stylish costume, for, acting as a protecting armor, it enables her to face the ordeal of passing before a perfect phalanx of severely critical feminine eyes, capable of taking in every fold and crease, perfection or imperfection of the dress; the wearer will firmly stand the test and even turn to meet it again, while poor Economy, whose costume would be dissected into tatters by such an encounter, seeks the retired corner in quiet seclusion.

Fashion has certainly attained the highest point of success when she brings plain, simple Economy out from the seclusion to which the worldly extravagant dame is accused of having always banished her, for under the influence of the wondrous touches given by the fashions of the day, plain Economy need no longer wear the dress of "invidious contrasts," but comes out quite radiant with those bright and charming effects created by Fashion and placed within her reach. As if to aid this happy result we find the continuation of the style of combining together different materials in one costume, and to facilitate their use, as well as the easy renovation of *passe* dresses, the long, plain breadths untrimmed, which form the back, and the fronts draped to simulate the tablier, with a vest or plastron and trimmings of some other material and color, is a popular model which even the most economical can adopt.

I have often noticed the most charming effects can be produced by the simplest means. Let us take, for example, a silk which has been worn for more than one season and made with a cuirasse basque and overskirt. We will select as a combination any color in damasse or brocade which is becoming, and harmonizes in good taste with the plain material. We will insert in the front of the cuirasse basque a gilet, or vest of this figured material and trim the sleeves with it, leaving the back untrimmed. With the plain, long breadths of the underskirt we will make the back of the skirt by pleating it on under the edge of the basque, piecing it to the required length, from some of the overskirt. The edge of the train can be cut in points showing a pleating of the silk underneath.

To trim the front, we will take the pieces left from the overskirt and with some of the new material, form festoons across alternately of the plain and figured, but in irregular size; or a more simple style is in diagonal scarfs. These are fastened at each side under the train, with three bows of ribbon combining the two colors, and a bow can be placed on the train so as to conceal the seam, if it is pieced. Fringe or lace may be added to trim the front drapery, if more ornament is desired, or frequently a pleated trimming is left from that which may have trimmed the old dress, and can be used. The bottom of the front is edged with one or two narrow pleatings, and the part which is under the drapery can be of silesia, if necessary.

I am quite sure that my readers will agree with me that Economy no longer shuts out from us the pretty models when Fashion gives us such an easy and effective style for making an old dress look new and fresh.

Among the dressy and pretty effects produced by simple means is the balayeuse which ornaments the under edge of dresses. A costume which comes from the hand of any fashionable modiste, is not considered complete without this addition; in fact it is added to house dresses of simplicity as well as elegance; it has a very pleasing effect on a cashmere wrapper, and on street dresses, and from being neither difficult to make nor expensive, it is easily adopted, for any of my readers can pleat a piece of white Swiss about ten inches deep, edging it with lace, and sew it on under the bottom of the dress so as to show about two inches below.

I may mention as another source of inexpensive ornament to dress, the charming variety of plastrons, fichus, and wide collars and cuffs, which now beautify and vary our dress. The *crepe lisse ruche*, which has so long ornamented the inside of our sleeves, is now used as a cuff, one row turns toward the hand and two or three turn up on the sleeve; a of colored rouleau satin or gros grain ribbon passes around where they join and is fastened by a bow; a corresponding ornament for the neck is made to form a plastron, extending below the waist about six or eight inches; it can be cut square in the neck, or closed to the throat, and a narrow piece extends around the neck to the back, where it is fastened by a bow of ribbon. The foundation is net, and on the edge is a quilling [illegible] a quilling of crepe lisse, [illegible] lle, puffed in perpendicular [illegible] folds of soft twilled silk of [illegible] color. The puffs and folds can [illegible] diagonal lines, meeting in the centre, forming the letter V; little bows of ribbon [illegible] placed down the centre to match the shade of the silk.

A pretty collarette may be made of fine white muslin about six inches wide, with insertion at intervals all around, extending from the neck to the edge; a quilling of lace is on the edge, and stands up around the neck. It fastens at the throat, and slopes off to the corners; a bow of pale pink and seal brown ribbon is worn with this, with long ends to the waist. Wide cuffs are made to match, fastened by two little bows of the pink and brown ribbon.

With such simple accessories, a plain home toilette is brightened and made dressy with but little expense.

Some of the newest hats and bonnets are remarkable for their peculiarity of shape. A few have been seen with two brims; the lower one rests on the hair; the other is close to the crown; each has a different edging, so as to allow of both being distinctly visible. The space is filled up with a wreath of flowers and foliage, or with feathers and a bunch of flowers to suit with the rest of the trimmings.

The large felt hat, with the brim turned up at one side, is very much worn; the brim may be lined with velvet, plush, or satin. The last-mentioned texture is used exclusively for white, or extremely light-colored felts. The lining may be either gathered, or put in plain, according to taste. An ostrich feather is occasionally perceived peeping from beneath the brim. In this case the end is brought up over the crown, forming a tuft; a second plume twisted round the crown falls down over the brim.

Another shape has the brim cut, or slit, through the centre; one piece turns towards the crown, and the other rests on the hair. A wreath of roses, or other flowers, passes through this slit, one-half resting on the brim, and the other half turns towards the back.

Some very pretty bonnets are made with the soft, full crown and shirred front—like a cap, and the sole ornament is a large bow of ribbon fastened on the front, with the ends falling over the crown, but the *distingue* feature of these bonnets are the gold pins which fasten the bow. These pins are each formed of two large balls—one of which is pendant.

A pretty novelty in trimming ball dresses is to pass a half wreath of flowers around the sleeve, forming an epaulet of flowers.

In jewelry there is great variety. Etruscan gold jewelry, in various new designs, is popular at present for general wear. Most of these new patterns are copied from antiques, and please the most artistic tastes. The jewelry found in Cyprus has been taken for models, and authentic copies have been made of necklaces, brooches, pendants, earrings, etc. The pale yellow gold is most used for these, and the quaint pieces are necklaces of coins, of pendent beads, lotus leaves, slender Roman vases, the square campanella, or little bells, linked crescents, keys, etc. Handsome earrings of half-hoops, with tassels, have soft gold rims that bend to pass through the ear in a primitive and safe way.

Probably the most useful and most popular article of jewelry now in vogue is the lace pin—a long slender brooch, used to fasten collars, scarfs, or veils, and to take the place of the cluster brooch. More expensive ones represent a key, or a ladder with a scarabeus upon it; others have the word "Roma," or "Mispah;" some are of red gold, others of platinum pierced work with colored gold, or else inlaid with silver in Japanese designs.

Enamelled sets take the quaintest shades of olive, Pompeian red, peacock green, or violet, and the designs are also eccentric. Spread fans, enamelled curiously, rest on long golden rods to form a scarf pin and earrings.

Gold necklaces fit closely like dog collars, and are in designs of lotus leaves or beads, or else they are India patterns made of gold beads, all clustered together irregularly, or heavy gold fringes with each strand forming a ball or a tassel, while more expensive ones have Delhi paintings, and represent Hindoo gods. A novelty is the bangle necklace, which passes over the head as bangles do over the hand. This is a single stiff band with pendent ornaments — coins, campanella charms, and crescents.

Thin bracelets are preferred to wide bands They are very narrow bands, with a sort of brooch in the back, showing a flower in pearls, turquoises, or other stones, or else a pendent locket; or the back represents buckles, or a key, or some peculiar device. There are also bangle bracelets, representing five bands, clasped together. The newest bangles consist of a chain, with pencil attached for making memoranda; they are called shopping bracelets.

Our Fireside Chat.

I think I will give the place of honor in our circle, on this occasion, to "Grandmother," who writes in answer to Invalid's inquiry for something warm and pretty to wear in bed, or out. From the description, I should suggest it as something quite desirable for every one to have. It is a *blanket wrapper*, made of a white, soft, fleecy single bed blanket, with a pretty blue striped border. Fold the blanket in the centre, so as the borders meet and run their full length. With a long, loose sacque pattern, cut the two fronts from the parts having the border, so the blue stripes will form a trimming on each front of the wrapper. As the entire width of the blanket would make the wrapper too long, there will be enough left, having the border to cut the sleeves, so that the top part of each sleeve will have the border running round. Cut the back from the centre of the blanket, having the fold so there is no seam; there will then be only the seams under the arms and on the shoulders. A little collar is added, and the whole is bound all around with a blue ribbon or braid; the fronts are tied together by strings of ribbon or braid. "Grandmother" adds that for invalids to slip on when they sit up, or for those who get up in the night for emergencies, there is nothing like it for comfort. It is soft, warm, and not at all heavy. They can also be made from any colored blanket, but the white is the prettiest.

An Ardent Admirer, who asks about fancy work, will find applique work very pretty. There is an endless variety of figures to select from, which can be appliqued on velvet cloth or silk with point russe stitch, in silks of different colors. Table cushions, sofa cushions, curtains and mantle borders are made in this way with great effect.—*Home-worker.*

Fannie has just finished a pretty table cover, a description of which she sends in answer to Mollie's request, perhaps. *Ardent Admirer* may find it suitable for her work. The cover is of dark gray cloth, and is trimmed with a band of ticking about five inches wide, placed a little distance from the edge; at each corner the bands cross, and extend to the edge of the cloth. I worked the ticking stripes in different colored saddlers silk, in all the fancy stitches I could make up—like feather coral, herring bone, and others. Narrow black velvet was sewed on every other stripe, and I worked on it the same fancy stitches. A narrow gilt braid is very pretty each side of the velvet. The edge of the cloth was trimmed with a fringe of the various colors, and the whole effect was exquisite.

Old Subscriber will find the following recipe for strengthening the hair very good: Take equal quantities of box, just as it is picked—leaves and wood together, and of rosemary. Put them into a saucepan in a pint of cold water; let it simmer gently for two hours; then strain it, and it will be ready for use. The water in the saucepan should just cover the box and rosemary.—*A. H.*

If *Old Subscriber* takes equal parts of rosemary and sage and make a strong tea of them, adding a little rum, she will find it one of the most strengthening washes for the hair, as well as make it grow.—*Kate.*

Katie will find her plants are withering from want of nourishment, some fresh soil in the pots; a little fertilizer once a week will restore their freshness. A few drops of ammonia in the water is considered beneficial.—*House-plant.*

In answer to queries for fancy costumes, there is such a variety to select from, it is difficult to know which style would please. Among some desirable characters are those which represent the four elements: Fire, earth, water, and air. Undine is a favorite. The various "Mother Goose" characters are always effective, and easily gotten up. The "White Cat" is effective. More expensive dresses belong to various historical periods. A description of any of these will be given when selected.—[*Ed.*

[illegible] writes to ask how to wash silk stockings.

Mollie writes to ask if white felt hats can be cleaned, and how.

Down South asks for something to clean brass.

Minnie asks if any one has ever heard of a work drum, and would like to know how to make it.

School Girl would like a good recipe for chocolate creams.

Rosedale sends a very nice recipe for making cocoanut ice:

One grated cocoanut, one and one-half pounds loaf sugar, and the milk from the cocoanut. Put the sugar in an enamelled saucepan on the fire with a tablespoonful of the milk. When the sugar is dissolved add the cocoanut, let it boil ten minutes, stir well, and take care it does not burn. The whole of the cocoanut milk may be put in, but in that case let it boil with the sugar about five minutes before adding the fruit. When first made the ice will be soft, but will dry in two or three days if kept in a dry place.

Country Friend writes a very nice letter with thanks for the *Fireside Chat*, which of course is devoted to feminine interests. She sends some good recipes for utilizing apples. 1. Pare some good sized apples and remove the cores; put them into a stewpan with the rind of a lemon, some pounded sugar to taste, and sufficient water just to cover them. Stew gently until quite soft, then leave them to get cold. Put them into a glass dish with some red gooseberry or currant jelly on the top of each and with a piece of red jelly in the dish, or reduce the syrup, color it with cochineal, and when cold pour it around the apples. 2. Put 1½ lbs. loaf sugar into one pint of water, boil and skim until reduced to a strong syrup; add 2 lbs. of apples, pared and cored, with the grated rind of a lemon. Boil all together until reduced to a stiff jelly, pour it into a plain border mould, and when cold turn it out and serve with whipped cream in the centre. 3. Bake some apples until quite soft, remove the skins and cores, and pass the pulp, to which some finely grated lemon peel and sifted sugar has been added, through a fine sieve. To this add when cold, as much cream as will make the mixture of the consistency of custard; mix well, and serve either in custard glasses or round a shape made of hominy, ground rice, or cornflour.

As everybody who loves home gardening is interested in the cultivation of calla lilies, so they will be delighted to know that a method has been discovered by which two flowers can be grown on one stalk, for here is a description of the method from Window Garden, who sends it with her best wishes to *Fireside Chat:*

As soon as the joint flower is out, or begins to wither, pull the stalk down through the open sheath clear to the bottom. At the bottom will be found standing close to the stalk another bud, inclosed in a delicate covering. Cut the old stalk away as close as possible without injuring the bud, and if it has not been kept back too long it will grow up very quick. I have never failed to get both buds to flower. I never tie up the leaves close, but leave them free.—

Mrs. R. asks for some suggestions to cover old fashioned ottomans.

Night Owl asks for a cure for sleeplessness.

Maggie sends with her compliments a recipe for Graham gems: Two cups flour; one and a half sweet milk; two teaspoons yeast powder, one tablespoon butter, two tablespoons sugar, a little salt.

Housekeeper asks for some recipes for cooking macaroni.

Down East. I have often heard of Southern rice waffles and sweet potato pone. Won't some of your readers give me the recipes?

Farmer's Wife sends a good recipe for some splendid cookies, and would like some good recipe in return: Two cupsful sugar, one cupful butter, one cupful sweet milk, one teaspoonful soda, two teaspoonsful cream tartar, flour to roll; rub butter and sugar in the dry flour, as if for pie-crust, and then wet up.

I have a number of letters to publish, but our space is already filled up, and they will appear in our next. The Fireside Chat invites all its readers to join in the exchange of ideas and suggestions on household matters, fancy work, etc. All letters must be addressed to the Ladies Department.—[*Ed.*

ANSWERS TO ALL INQUIRERS

JULIA, (Fairfield, Conn.)—Penelope is pronounced pe-nel-o-pe.

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED. — "Discontent," "The Island Maid," "The Schoolcrafts of Ashleigh."

L. M., (Philadelphia.)—There could be no harm in attending an afternoon performance without an escort.

MARY, (New Kent, Va.)—A picture containing a vase of flowers and dish of fruit would be called a "study from still life."

LOUISA, (Doublesprings, Miss.)—Pink finger-nails are considered pretty; but we have never heard that they denote health.

G. W. C., (Woodhull, Mich.)—You can get the book in question from the publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, this city.

LYON, (Spencer, Ind.)—We think no lady would refuse to dance with a gentleman and then dance the same dance with another unless she wished to insult him.

O. P., (Monroe, Wis.)—The word Egerton is pronounced Edgerton, and the word Gifford as Jiffard. Coleridge is pronounced Coalridge. Omar Pasha is dead.

I. C., (Charles, Md.)—Mythology tells us the graces, Aglaia, Thalia, and Euphrosyne, were three sisters, daughters of Jupiter and attendants upon Venus.

AN INQUISITIVE GIRL, (Warren, Pa.)—The cross is the emblem of Faith. Many persons wear crosses as ornaments without attaching any meaning to them.

OPPRESSED, (Harrison, W. Va.)—If as you say your eyesight is so bad that you are not able to read, your only plan would be to attend instructive lectures.

TOPSY, (Essex, N. Y.)—We are happy to insert poems by amateurs if they are worth our acceptance. As a rule, the productions of amateurs are of a very inferior quality.

LITTLE NELL, (Abbeville, S. C.)—A brunette is a person with dark complexion, hair, and eyes; a blonde the reverse. The lady should bow, or recognize the gentleman first.

F. H., (Putnam, Tenn.)—The mignonette, in floral language, expresses the pretty sentiment—"your qualities surpass your charms." It is in full bloom from the beginning of spring to the end of autumn.

L. S., (Oneida, N. Y.)—If, in walking slow along the streets, you should accidentally tread upon a lady's dress, with whom you are unacquainted, it is proper to raise your hat while offering her an apology.

VERNON, (Charleston, S. C.)—When persons of different religions marry, they must decide between themselves which place of worship they desire to be married at, as a clergyman can refuse to perform a second ceremony.

POLLY G., (Pike, Ky.)—A farthingale was a hoop petticoat, or frame, consisting of circles of hoop or whalebone, used by ladies in olden times to set out the dress; it answered the same purpose as the crinoline of a few years ago.

PERPLEXED, (Jackson, La.)—If the young lady is as you describe her, of a sweet disposition and temper, and your respective natural advantages are such as you describe, we see no reason to prevent your becoming engaged.

ESTHER Y., (Oswego, N. Y.)—Persons who are inclined to be stout, should take as much out-door exercise as possible, and should avoid eating potatoes, pastry, sugar, and farinaceous food generally; they should also abstain from beer.

MEYRICK, (Woodbury, Iowa.)—1. Charles Surface is one of the principal characters in Sheridan's comedy of "The School for Scandal." 2. Claude Duval was a noted highwayman; Diana Vernon is a character in Sir Walter Scott's novel, "Rob Roy."

KATE, (Clarke, Mo.)—Scarlet, maize, pink, some pale shades of green, and very pale blue, are mostly becoming colors to brunettes. Some persons grow after they are twenty; but it is unusual not to have attained the full height at about eighteen years of age.

HOLLY, (Oxford, Me.)—1. There is no set speech for the occasion. Say, "I am happy to make your acquaintance," or any simple remark of the kind. 2. Reginald signifies "strong ruler;" Henry, or Harry, "the head, or chief of a home;" Ethel, "noble maid;" Nina is only a pet name.

CARRIOLL, (Lunenburgh, Va.)—Tradition ascribes the first chariot to Erichthonius, produced about 1486 B. C. The first carriages appeared in France in 1457; in England about eight years later; the first cab in London in 1823. The first omnibus plied from Paddington to the Bank of England in 1829.

LIZZY, (Barnet, Tex.)—We cannot tell you the origin of the silver wedding. The party is kept as any other evening party would be kept; the invitations are sent out, stating date, etc., "on the occasion of their silver wedding," is added. Presents are made very much the same as at a wedding.

G. A. H., (Luzerne, Pa.)—There is no positive law to prevent a person from taking a new, or an additional Christian name; but it is unusual, and might lead to some unpleasant surmises. In case of affixing such a pseudonym to deeds, disputes in respect to identity might ensue, and thence law-suits might arise.

S. DARLING, (Bradford, Pa.)—Your best plan would be to take your MS. to a printer, and get him to estimate the cost of printing it. To have one copy of a book printed would cost almost as much as if you had a hundred copies. We can give you no idea of the price, as the style of printing and quality of paper would have to be taken into consideration.

PET, (Henry, Ala.)—1. Pour passer le temps, is to pass the time. 2. Toujours perdrix, is, literally, always partridges. It is an idiom equivalent to our "Too much of a good thing." 3. Une affaire finie, is a settled matter. We cannot give you the pronunciation of these sentences; you will find the words in a French pronouncing dictionary.

J. J., [illegible]—[illegible] century ago the [illegible] fourteen, but [illegible] large numerals now [illegible] be fifty-one. [illegible] to the an- [illegible] platinum and [illegible]

[illegible] are persons [illegible] paintings. A [illegible] much injured [illegible] sponge to clean it. [illegible] with safety a little curd soap and warm water, [illegible] not sufficiently clean [illegible] it is of any value, to send it to a person who understands how to clean it.

Y. O. Z., (Jefferson, Ark.)—Artificial flying has been attempted in all ages. Friar Bacon maintained the possibility of the art, and predicted it would be of general practice A. D., 1273. Bishop Wilkins says, "It will yet be as usual to hear a man call for his wings when he is going on a journey, as it is now to hear him call for his boots" (1651). We apprehend that many ages will pass away previously to the accomplishment of these predictions.

MIGNONETTE, (Cleveland, N. C.)—A Pandean pipe is made of reeds; it is so called from having been used by Pan, the god of shepherds. It has anything but a sweet sound. We do not know the other instrument you name, unless you mean a piccolo, which is a small kind of flute. Those of German make are usually considered best. A harmonica is a small, flat wind instrument, in which the notes are produced by the vibration of metallic reeds.

RAINDROP, (Bucks, Pa.)—1. Shakespeare wrote poems as well as plays. 2. It is not "one of the worst things a musical student can do" to practice dance music, but still she should practice good classical pieces, such as some of the simplest of Beethoven's sonatas, Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words, with a little well-arranged operatic music; and above all things do not neglect to practice scales. Two hours daily is the shortest time you ought to practice if you desire to excel.

T. H. T., (Bristol, Mass.)—The Greek fire was a composition of combustible matter, invented by Callinicus, an engineer of Heliopolis, in Syria, in the seventh century, in order to destroy the Saracens' ships, which was effected by the general of the Emperor Pagonat's fleet, and thirty thousand men were killed. The property of this fire was to burn briskest in the water, to diffuse itself on all sides, according to the impression given it. Nothing but oil, or a mixture of vinegar, wine and sand could quench it. It was blown out of long tubes of copper, and shot out of cross-bows, and other spring instruments. The invention was kept a secret for many years by the court of Constantinople, but it is now lost.

B. A., (Dickinson, Kan.)—There may be particular occasions when a certain amount of coquetry is perfectly justifiable. One is, where a gentleman purposely declines to make his addresses till he imagines that he is certain of acceptance. This is an underhand way of attempting to force a woman to give up the undoubted privilege of her sex, the privilege of refusing; if it is an attempt to make the lady offer the first advances, a thing which would at once violate the delicacy of her nature, and would simply gratify his despicable vanity. In such cases a woman cannot be blamed for coquetry; the suitor brings the penalty upon himself, and richly deserves it.

J. B., (Alameda, Cal.)—The Seven Sleepers, or seven youthful martyrs, were seven Christians of the third century of our era, who were put to death for their faith. The event happened at Ephesus, in Asia Minor, in the reign of the Emperor Decius. They fled to a certain cavern for refuge, and were said to have been made to fall asleep, and in that state were miraculously kept for two hundred years. As a dog had accompanied these seven martyrs into their retreat he has been made to share their celebrity, and is fabled to have remained standing all the time, neither eating nor drinking, being occupied by guarding their bodies. The Persians celebrate annually the Feast of the Seven Sleepers, and their names are regarded as powerful talismans against the decrees of fate. Their dog has not been forgotten, and, to recompense him for his zeal, he has been entrusted with the care of letters, and admitted to Paradise with the ram which Abraham sacrificed, instead of his son, with Balaam's ass, and the ass on which our Lord entered Jerusalem, and the mare on which Mohammed mounted miraculously to Heaven. In the year 479 the bodies of the martyrs were taken out of the cavern, and exposed to the veneration of the Faithful.